THE
NEW REVIEW.

No. 24.—MAY, 1891.

LEGAL AND CONSTITUTIONAL ASPECTS OF THE LYNCHING AT NEW ORLEANS.

THE lynching a few weeks ago of eleven Italians by a New Orleans mob is an incident which has many aspects and suggests many reflections. That one of those secret societies which have long been a curse of Italy and Sicily should have taken root and become terribly powerful in the New World is of itself a singular phenomenon. That in a great and wealthy city like New Orleans it should be found practically impossible to bring notorious assassins to justice by the regular process of law is a still stranger and still more deplorable phenomenon. That the men who seized and slaughtered the acquitted Italian criminals should be the leading citizens of New Orleans; that they should have preferred this method of protecting their community to that of improving the legal procedure and administration of the State of Louisiana; that their conduct should have met with far more sympathy than reprobation over the United States generally, are facts curiously illustrative of the history of the Southern States and of the condition of society there. It is of none of these points, however, that I am about to speak in these few pages, but of the legal and constitutional questions growing out of the demand for redress which the Italian Government promptly addressed to the Government of the United States, and which was emphasised, in a somewhat brusque and hasty fashion, by the withdrawal of the Italian Minister from Washington. These questions are of interest not only to American publicists, but also to Englishmen, for they are questions which may,

in a different, but, perhaps, not less serious, form arise out of the anomalous position in which Britain now stands to her great self-governing Colonies.

The best way to treat these questions will be to deal, first, with the general subject of the liability of one State to another in respect of injuries inflicted in its territory upon the subjects of that other, and secondly, to inquire how far this general liability may be modified and limited by the internal constitution of the State in whose territory the injuries occur, or by any practical difficulties which it may find in enforcing its authority upon its own subjects.

The general question need not long detain us, because there is no great difference of opinion regarding it among international lawyers, nor much difference as regards the practice of civilised States. The well-admitted principle is that every civilised State is bound to secure to the subjects or citizens of another friendly State the same measure of personal liberty, personal security, and protection to property as it affords to its own subjects. A Frenchman is entitled in England to the same recourse to the civil and criminal courts as an Englishman has, and to be as fully cared for by the police. Particular disabilities may no doubt be imposed on an alien. He may be required to produce a passport, though passports are not required from native subjects; or he may be unable to hold real estate; or he may be required if plaintiff in an action to give security for costs which would not be demanded from a subject. Special reasons exist in these respects. But so far as regards the ordinary rights which are needed for the protection of person and property, he ought to receive just the treatment which the native subject has, no more and no less. If he does receive less, his Government has a *primâ facie* right to demand redress for him; and this redress may be either in the way of criminal proceedings against those who have injured him, or of pecuniary compensation from the authorities of the State which has permitted him to be injured without affording him due satisfaction by the methods which are open to its own citizens.

To this general statement we must make one addition. Injury to a foreigner may proceed either from the executive officials of the State in which he is residing, or from its judicial officers, or

from private persons. If from the executive officials, the liability of the State is obvious, because they are its agents, and their wrongful acts or omissions are its acts or omissions. If from judicial officers, the liability is much less direct and palpable.

As regards private persons, the State, it is obvious, has still less to do with them, and is responsible not directly for their acts, but only for any neglect on its own part, either in preventing wrongs which a well-ordered Government ought to prevent, or in omitting to provide proper means for the effective administration of justice to punish those wrongs, or award compensation for them.

So far we have spoken of civilised States. As regards semi-civilised countries, such as Turkey or Morocco, where the amount of protection given to persons and property falls far below the standard which the European nations have come to observe, it is of course impossible for these nations to be content with obtaining for their subjects what the unlucky subject of a Mussulman Sultan has to put up with; and they have therefore made special arrangements under which Europeans may reside and carry on business in these countries with some better guarantee for their security than the local laws and courts and police afford. To enforce these arrangements is not always easy, so that our Envoys at Constantinople or Tangier are constantly employed in trying to obtain redress for the injuries which Englishmen suffer. The disorders in certain of the Spanish-American so-called Republics have occasionally brought them into what is practically the same category. There are, therefore, cases in which the behaviour of a State to its own subjects cannot be taken as the measure of its international obligations. If it falls short of the standard which is generally observed and expected, it cannot acquit itself by alleging the faults of its own administration.

Reverting to civilised nations, the responsibility which their Governments admit for the protection of the subjects of a friendly Power rests upon what may be called general international comity. It exists in the absence of any formal treaty provisions, because it is suggested not only by considerations of humanity, but by the common interests of all States alike. But in many instances this "international common law," as one may venture to call it, has

been expressly declared and recognised in a treaty securing equivalent rights to the citizens of each of the contracting States in the territories of the other. This has happened as between the United States and Italy. By the Treaty concluded in 1871, it is provided that

"The citizens of each of the high contracting parties shall receive in the States and Territories of the other the most constant protection and security for their persons and property, and shall enjoy *in this respect the same rights and privileges as are or shall be granted to the natives, on their submitting themselves to the conditions imposed on the natives.*"

We may now, therefore, ask, What are the rights of the Italian Government in respect of lawless violence inflicted upon its subjects within the territory of the United States? Let us leave out of sight the federal structure of the American Government, and assume the United States to be a unified country like the United Kingdom, in which the Queen's writ runs everywhere, and where the Executive and the Legislature have exactly the same powers in every part of the country. Or, to put the same thing in other words, let us assume that the lynching happened, not in Louisiana, but in the Federal District of Columbia, where the Federal Government is supreme.

Italy might demand satisfaction in the form of punishment to be inflicted on the lynchers. As the Government of a free people can proceed only in the prescribed way of regular judicial process, all the Federal Government could do would be to have the lynchers indicted for murder or manslaughter. The matter would, as in England, come first before a Grand Jury, and if the Grand Jury found a true bill, then before a petty jury. If the Grand Jury refused to find the bill, or if the petty jury acquitted the prisoners, the Government could do no more. Its powers would be exhausted. So would the powers of the British Government in a like case. And in fact, as has been observed in America, this is exactly what Lord Palmerston replied to the Austrian Government when it complained of the rough handling which General Haynau received from Barclay and Perkins' draymen in 1850. Austria was told that the courts were open; the offending draymen might be indicted; Haynau might bring a civil action for damages. Further

than this it was beyond the power of the Queen to help him. No doubt if an outrage on foreigners were of an atrocious nature, and if juries refused to convict in the teeth of evidence, and, still more, if similar outrages became frequent and went unpunished, the nation to which those foreigners belonged might properly insist that some better security might be provided for its subjects than the laws and courts actually gave, and might treat the refusal as an offence justifying retaliation or war. Something like this has seemed not unlikely to happen as regards the Chinese in those parts of America where they abound, and where they are frequently ill-used by the populace. A European Government would have resented such ill-usage more warmly than China has done. The question what amount of palpable and recurring denial of justice would justify strong retaliative measures is one of degree, and does not seem to have recently arisen between civilised nations. But evidently a Government would be bound to show its *bona fides* by endeavouring to improve its law and administration, should they prove insufficient for the protection of foreigners, or else must submit to be relegated to the category of semi-civilised communities.

Italy might also demand compensation for the families of her lynched subjects. (Both of them, it seems, were fugitives from Italian justice.) Primarily, the remedy would be by an action for damages against the lynchers (if the local law gives such an action to the representatives of the slain);* but if this were unavailable, or if the jury refused to award damages though the case was proved, the request might be preferred to the Government of the United States. The obligation of the Government would, of course, be much more definite if it could be shown that the lynching took place with the connivance of the public authorities, or through any deficiency in prompt action on their part. In his last despatch, Mr. Blaine admits that any neglect attributable to these authorities might properly form a ground for asking Congress to vote a compensatory sum to the relatives of the slain men. In the absence

* It seems that in Louisiana the relatives have such an action. Whether an action lies also against the parish, which in Louisiana corresponds to the county in other States, I do not know. Aliens have the advantage of being able to bring an action in a Federal court if they choose to do so.

of such neglect, there is not by English law, nor, I think, by the municipal law of any American State, a claim against the State for outrages committed by rioters.

So much for the case considered on the assumption that the National Government has complete control of the matter. Now, let us see how far the case is affected by the fact that the powers of the National Government are limited.

The Constitution of the United States leaves with the States of the Union the right to make and the right to administer the ordinary civil and criminal laws. The preservation of order, the trial and punishment of crime belong to each State within its territorial limits, except so far as special departments of legislation or judicature may have been transferred to Congress or to the Federal courts. The presumption being in favour of the State, a right of Federal interference can be established only by showing a positive grant of power. Can any such grant be shown in the present case? There is nothing in the Constitution withdrawing aliens from the operation of the ordinary State laws or extending to them an exceptional jurisdiction of Federal courts and application of Federal statutes. The only provisions which seem in point* are that by which treaties duly made are declared to be "the supreme law of the land" (Art. VI., sec. 1), and that which extends the power of the Federal judicature to "cases arising under treaties made under the authority of the United States." (Art. III., sec. 2.) It may, perhaps, be argued that where rights have (as in this instance) been secured to certain aliens by treaty, the murder of those aliens is a breach of the treaty, and such breach, therefore, a case falling under the jurisdiction of the Federal courts. To discuss this contention would lead us into a technical argument unsuited to these pages. So far as I have been able to gather, American lawyers do not think that Art. III., sec. 2, applies, though some of them hold that it might have been made to apply had Congress legislated upon the subject, as it legislated after the famous case of Macleod fifty years ago. It would, however, appear that the point is not quite clear, for President Harrison has referred it to

* The provisions of Amendment XIV. do not seem to be in point, for the State of Louisiana has done nothing against Italians.

his legal advisers, who have not yet delivered their reply. Be this as it may, I apprehend that a treaty might be so framed as expressly to cover cases of this nature, and that a statute might be passed to carry out the treaty and provide for the trial by the Federal courts of offences committed against it. There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent cases of this kind from being brought by treaty within the purview of Federal power. Still less is there anything in the nature of a Federal system to leave aliens to the tender mercies of the component States. The Swiss Federal Constitution, for instance, seems expressly to provide for their protection by the Central authority, allowing the Federal Assembly to legislate regarding them, and giving the Federal courts jurisdiction over offences in breach of international law. (Arts. 85, 112, 113.)

Assuming for the moment that the present case (owing either to the wording of the Treaty or to the want of legislation to carry it out) cannot be brought within Federal jurisdiction as being a violation of a treaty, we may now ask, What is the position of the United States Government in face of the claim of Italy for redress? That Government can of itself do nothing to give satisfaction by way of punishment of the offenders. This belongs to the State of Louisiana. The State authorities cannot be compelled to present a bill to the Grand Jury. If they do the Grand Jury may throw out the bill.* Even if a true bill is found, the strong probability is that a petty jury will acquit the persons charged. In whichever of these three ways the denial of punishment arises, the Federal Government is helpless. It cannot offer even such redress as England offered in the Haynau case by undertaking to secure a prosecution. Under the existing law it seems to have no more power to prosecute in Louisiana than it has in Canada. Supposing, however, that Congress can pass a statute bringing future cases of violence done to aliens under Federal jurisdiction, the powers of the Federal Government will still remain very limited. It will be unable to strengthen the police force and instruct it to be specially watchful

*A bill has, in fact, been presented to the Grand Jury, and is (at the date of this writing) under consideration by that body. The general opinion is that it will be thrown out.

in protecting aliens, for there is no Federal police in Louisiana. It will remain unable to change the venue (as we could in England) from Louisiana to some other part of the Union in which popular feeling against any particular class of aliens may be less vehement, because under the Federal Constitution (Amendment VI.) "in all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed." It will be unable to alter the usual method of criminal procedure, because by another constitutional provision (Amendment V.) "no person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury." The American Government will, therefore, be forced to admit that the obligation of protecting the persons of resident aliens is one which cannot be discharged as efficiently in America as the Italian Government can discharge it in Italy, because the internal structure of their polity has denied to the Executive Legislature and Judiciary the requisite legal powers.

The Americans may indeed say, falling back upon the argument suggested by the words of the Treaty of 1871: "All that we have by this Treaty promised to give to Italians is the same enjoyment of rights and the same personal protection as our own native citizens receive. Natives of Pennsylvania lynched in Louisiana would be no better off than subjects of Italy. Italians coming to Louisiana must be taken to do so with the knowledge that their position will not and cannot be better than that of Pennsylvanians. And the Italian Government itself must, in making the Treaty of 1871, be held to have had notice, in the very form of words used, that this was all which the stipulations of that Treaty secured them. It is matter of common notoriety that our polity is regulated by a Constitution which limits the powers of the National Government and in particular leaves the administration of criminal justice to the States. Our contract with you is subject to the qualifications which your knowledge implies."

To this argument Italy may reply: "The internal polity of a nation is matter for itself, but not for the other nations which contract with it; and the powers which its own municipal law gives to a

Government are in no wise the measure of its international obligations. Nothing can cut down these obligations except express provisions. Moreover, since your Constitution makes treaties part of the supreme law of the land, we Italians were entitled to assume that your Congress would pass all such legislation as would give the fullest possible efficiency to the stipulations of the Treaty of 1871. If your National Government has omitted to do so, it must bear the consequences."

The latter part of the supposed Italian answer seems to be sound; but as to the former it must be remarked that free Governments, such as that of Italy, must be presumed to know that in a free country the Executive, though it usually possesses the power to institute judicial process, has no right to interfere with the results of that process, and may be unable to change the established system of procedure. The United States are, therefore, on stronger ground when they assert that they cannot overset the finding of a jury than when they allege that they are unable to set a jury in motion.

This is by no means the first time that the constitutional restrictions imposed upon the Federal Government have brought it into difficulties with foreign Powers. In the Macleod case serious trouble might have arisen with England had not a British subject whom the New York courts were trying for murder for acts done as a British soldier been fortunately acquitted. In 1851, Mr. Webster had an embarrassing controversy with Spain, and Congress ultimately voted a sum as compensation to injured Spanish subjects. And so lately as 1882 and 1883, it was generally understood that when the British Government complained repeatedly of the incitements to assassination and appeals for subscriptions to a dynamite fund published in certain New York journals, the American National Executive found itself unable to take those steps which the rules of international comity suggested and the gravity of the occasion required. The Secretary of State then, like Mr. Blaine now, sought to avoid dwelling upon the limitations of its authority as an excuse for its quiescence, because it felt, as every Government must feel, that in international matters this is at best an unsatisfactory answer, somewhat below the dignity of a great nation. But this difficulty no doubt pressed heavily upon it.

We may now sum up the conclusions to which the fore-going discussion has led us. They are these.

1. A foreign Government is *primâ facie* entitled to redress for injuries lawlessly inflicted on its subjects, even if no treaty grants this right, and *a fortiori* if a treaty does in fact secure it.

2. This redress may be civil by way of pecuniary compensation, or criminal by the punishment of the offenders.

3. The civil form of redress presents no great difficulty. Primarily it may be had by way of civil action against the wrongdoers; but if that is refused, or proves insufficient, the Government, in this instance Congress, may grant compensation, and to any extent it pleases.*

4. The criminal form is more important, because it affords better security for the protection of alien residents in future. Redress in this form, *i.e.*, punishment, can be given, not by the Executive or Legislature, but only by prosecution to conviction of the offenders under the ordinary law.

5. If punishment fails to be awarded, the defects of judicial procedure, or the perverseness of those who administer it locally, will be no answer to the complaints of a foreign Government, and if the denial of justice is palpable, and the case serious, a foreign Government will be entitled to treat such denial as a grave breach of international rights, possibly even as a *casus belli*.

6. This complication may arise in any country where the Executive cannot interfere with the ordinary process of law. It is, however, specially apt to arise in the United States, because—

(*a*) The Federal Government has, apparently, at present, no power to institute a prosecution for the lynching of aliens in a State.

(*b*) The Federal Government, even if it has this power, or if (as appears to be possible) it obtains this power by appropriate legislation, cannot transfer the trial from the district where the offence was committed to some other district, still less create a special tribunal.

7. The Federal Government of the United States is in the

*Mr. Blaine seems willing to suggest a vote to Congress.

further difficulty of not being able to interfere with the police of a State for the protection of aliens.

8. These difficulties are not, however, inherent in every Federal Government *eo nomine*. They arise out of the actual provisions of the United States Federal Constitution, and might have been avoided by a different drafting of that Constitution.

Other similar difficulties (though, perhaps, fewer than might have been expected) with regard to aliens have arisen from the omission to place what may be called the internal regulation of the foreign relations of the United States under the full control of the Federal Power. I refer to them only lest it should be fancied that a case like this is the only source whence trouble may be expected.

The moral would seem to be that the American Government should put forth all such powers as Congress possesses to legislate for the protection of aliens and the carrying out of treaties within the several States (it has already full power as regards the district of Columbia and the Territories), so as to be in a better position to meet any complaints from foreign Powers. It might also, in preparing future treaties, so word them as virtually to extend the legislative authority of Congress as regards aliens, or, if this is thought undesirable, the treaties might be so expressed as to carry on their face a notice to the other contracting party of the limitations to which the National Government is subject.

Some influential American statesman is said to have predicted that a serious conflict between the Federal and State authorities may grow out of this Louisiana incident. To me, I confess, nothing seems less probable. The general sentiment of the United States regrets, but scarcely condemns, the violence used at New Orleans. There is at any rate no feeling sufficient to encourage the present Federal authorities to enter on a conflict which would immediately excite strong passions. The Democratic party, which has now an enormous majority in the House of Representatives, is the party specially inclined to champion State rights, and would resist any attempt to coerce Louisiana. It is certainly to be desired that the limits of Federal authority as regards the protection of aliens should be more exactly defined, and in some degree extended. But definition belongs primarily to the Judiciary, and any extension must

take place in the way of ordinary legislation through Congress, seeing that it would be extremely difficult to amend the Constitution. There is, therefore, no reason to think that the present Administration will raise questions from which it has little or nothing to gain, or that the Republican party leaders will venture to oppose the general current of American feeling. What is most to be wished, though hardly to be expected, is that these deplorable events should lead to a reform in the government of Louisiana, and in particular of the city of New Orleans. Lynching is the natura and almost the necessary outcome of a state of things in which ordinary justice cannot be secured.*

It has been observed that according to the generally accepted rules of international law the internal structure of a Government, and the legal restrictions to which its central Executive or Legislature or Judiciary may be subject, do not discharge it from the ordinary liabilities of a civilised Power, even when those restrictions may be supposed to be known to other nations. But let us imagine a Power which has in theory complete authority over all its subjects, wherever they reside, while yet it in fact allows important groups of them to constitute distinct and practically independent communities, with Legislatures and Executives whose action within their respective territories it does not control, though it takes under its charge all their international relations. Suppose that in one of these communities aliens are ill-treated, and treaties violated in a way which gives a foreign Government just ground for complaint. Such a Power would occupy a less defensible position than the United States does in its controversy with Italy. It could not allege its want of legal right to protect aliens and compel the observance of treaties, for its legal rights are complete. To say that it was accustomed to leave to their own devices communities which are in law

*As an American writer truly says: "The assassination of the Chief of Police at New Orleans last October was undoubtedly the result of the same social conditions which caused the failure of the jury trial and the massacre of the acquitted prisoners in the gaol. In such social conditions men's reliance on the law for protection is necessarily small. Somehow or other the known presence of Judge Lynch in a community makes people careless about the character of the judges and juries provided by the [State] Constitution. They are like gluttonous persons who think they have a pill which is a sure cure for indigestion."

as much its subjects as the inhabitants of its capital, would be no answer at all to foreign Governments. It would have to choose between three disagreeable alternatives. One would be to repudiate its international obligations, with the serious consequences which might follow. The second would be to pay compensation in respect of acts for which it was blameless, and whose recurrence it could not prevent. The third would be to coerce the communities in which the wrongs had been committed, with the possible result of provoking a rebellion.

This is the position in which Great Britain now stands. She is fully responsible to foreign nations for every wrong done in her dominions everywhere, for her legislative and executive power extends over them all. Yet practically she has ceased to control the great self-governing Colonies. It is matter for wonder that up to the present time so few troubles have arisen out of this most delicate position. Nothing but the law-abiding spirit which our colonists have usually shown, and the cautious prudence which the sense of danger has forced upon the home Government during the last twenty or thirty years, could have averted serious complications. A case like this of the Italians at New Orleans indicates points which ought to be carefully provided for when a Home Rule Constitution is enacted for Ireland in the course of the next few years, as they were no doubt covered by the Bill of 1886. And it is well fitted to quicken the attention of British and Colonial statesmen to the risks incident to the present anomalous relation of the self-governing Colonies to the mother country. Britain is more vulnerable than the United States, and has more difficult cards to play. Since it is as clearly the interest of her Colonies as it is her own that their political connection with her should be maintained, she may fairly ask them to join her in considering methods whereby the chances of international trouble may be diminished, and in trying to guard against dangers which, as the experience of Australia and of Newfoundland has shown, are not chimerical.

JAMES BRYCE.

THE SCIENCE OF CRITICISM.

I.

IF literary criticism may be said to flourish among us at all, it certainly flourishes immensely, for it flows through the periodical press like a river that has burst its dykes. The quantity of it is prodigious, and it is a commodity of which, however the demand may be estimated, the supply will be sure to be, in any supposable extremity, the last thing to fail us. What strikes the observer above all, in such an affluence, is the unexpected proportion the discourse uttered bears to the objects discoursed of—the paucity of examples, of illustrations and productions, and the deluge of doctrine, suspended in the void, the profusion of talk and the poverty of experiment, of what one may call literary conduct. This, indeed, ceases to be an anomaly as soon as we look at the conditions of contemporary journalism. Then we see that these conditions have engendered the practice of "reviewing"—a practice that, in general, has nothing in common with the art of criticism. Periodical literature is a huge open mouth which has to be fed—a vessel of immense capacity which has to be filled. It is like a regular train which starts at an advertised hour, but which is free to start only if every seat be occupied. The seats are many, the train is ponderously long, and hence the manufacture of dummies for the seasons when there are not passengers enough. A stuffed mannikin is thrust into the empty seat, where it makes a creditable figure till the end of the journey. It looks sufficiently like a passenger, and you know it is not one only when you perceive that it neither says anything nor gets out. The guard attends to it when the train is shunted, blows the cinders from its wooden face and gives a different crook to its elbow, so that it may serve for another run. In this way, in a well-conducted periodical, the blocks of

remplissage are the dummies of criticism—the recurrent, regulated billows in the ocean of talk. They have a reason for being, and the situation is simpler when we perceive it. It helps to explain the disproportion I just mentioned, as well, in many a case, as the quality of the particular discourse. It helps us to understand that the "organs of public opinion" must be no less copious than punctual, that publicity must maintain its high standard, that ladies and gentlemen may turn an honest penny by the free expenditure of ink It gives us a glimpse of the high figure presumably reached by all the honest pennies accumulated in the cause, and throws us quite into a glow over the march of civilisation and the way we have organised our conveniences. From this point of view it might indeed go far toward making us enthusiastic about our age. What is more calculated to inspire us with a just complacency than the sight of a new and flourishing industry, a fine economy of production? The great business of reviewing has, in its roaring routine, many of the signs of blooming health, many of the features which beguile one into rendering an involuntary homage to successful enterprise.

Yet it is not to be denied that certain captious persons are to be met who are not carried away by the spectacle, who look at it much askance, who see but dimly whither it tends, and who find no aid to vision even in the great light (about itself, its spirit and its purposes, among other things) that it might have been expected to diffuse. "Is there any such great light at all?" we may imagine the most restless of the sceptics to inquire, "and isn't the effect rather one of a certain kind of pretentious and unprofitable gloom?" The vulgarity, the crudity, the stupidity which this cherished combination of the offhand review and of our wonderful system of publicity have put into circulation on so vast a scale may be represented, in such a mood, as an unprecedented invention for darkening counsel. The bewildered spirit may ask itself, without speedy answer, What is the function in the life of man of such a reverberation of platitude and irrelevance? Such a spirit will wonder how the life of man survives it, and above all, what is much more important, how literature resists it; whether indeed literature does resist it and is not speedily going down beneath it. The signs of

this catastrophe will not, in the case we suppose, be found too subtle to be pointed out—the failure of distinction, the failure of style, the failure of knowledge, the failure of thought. The case is, therefore, one for recognising with dismay that we are paying a tremendous price for the diffusion of penmanship and opportunity, that the multiplication of endowments for chatter may be as fatal as an infectious disease, that literature lives essentially, in the sacred depths of its being, upon example, upon perfection wrought, that, like other sensitive organisms, it is highly susceptible of demoralisation, and that nothing is better addressed than irresponsible pedagogy to making it lose faith in itself. To talk about it clumsily is to poison the air it breathes, and the consequence of that sort of taint is that it dwindles and dies. We may, of course, continue to talk about it long after it is dead, and there is every appearance that this is mainly the way in which our descendants will hear of it; not, perhaps, that they will much regret its departure, with *our* report to go by.

This, I am aware, is a dismal impression, and I do not pretend to state the case gaily. The most I can say is that there are times and places in which it strikes one as less desperate than at others. One of the places is Paris, and one of the times is some comfortable occasion of being there. The custom of rough and ready reviewing is, among the French, much less rooted than with us, and the dignity of criticism is, to my perception, in consequence much higher. The art is felt to be one of the most difficult, the most delicate, the most occasional; and the material on which it is exercised is subject to selection, to restriction. That is, whether or no the French are always right as to what they do notice, they strike me as infallible as to what they don't. They publish hundreds of books which are never noticed at all, and yet they are much neater bookmakers than we. It is recognised that such volumes have nothing to say to the critical sense, that they do not belong to literature, and that the possession of the critical sense is exactly what makes it impossible to read them and dreary to discuss them —places them, as a part of critical experience, out of the question. The critical sense, in France, *ne se dérange pas*, as the phrase is, for so little. No one would deny, on the other hand, that when it does

set itself in motion, it goes further than with us. It handles the subject, in general, with finer finger-tips. The bluntness of ours, as tactile implements addressed to an exquisite process, is still sometimes surprising, even after frequent exhibition. We blunder in and out of the affair as if it were a railway station—the easiest and most public of the arts. It is in reality the most complicated and the most particular. The critical sense is so far from frequent that it is absolutely rare and that the possession of the cluster of qualities that minister to it is one of the highest distinctions. It is a gift inestimably precious and beautiful; therefore, so far from thinking that it passes overmuch from hand to hand, one knows that one has only to stand by the counter an hour to see that business is done with baser coin. We have too many small schoolmasters; yet not only do I not question in literature the high utility of criticism, but I should be tempted to say that the part it plays may be the supremely beneficent one when it proceeds from deep sources, from the efficient combination of experience and perception. In this light one sees the critic as the real helper of mankind, a torch-bearing outrider, the interpreter *par excellence*. The more we have of such the better, though there will surely always be obstacles enough to our having many. When one thinks of the outfit required for fine work in this spirit, one is ready to pay almost any homage to the intelligence that has put it on; and when one considers the noble figure completely equipped—armed *cap-à-pie* in curiosity and sympathy—one falls in love with one's conception. It certainly represents the knight who has knelt through his long vigil and who has the piety of his office. For there is something sacrificial in his function, inasmuch as he offers himself as a general touchstone. To lend himself, to project himself and steep himself, to feel and feel till he understands, and to understand so well that he can say, to have perception at the pitch of passion and expression in the form of talent, to be infinitely curious and incorrigibly patient, with the intensely fixed idea of turning character and genius and history inside out—these are ideas to give an active mind a high programme and to add the element of artistic beauty to the conception of success. Just in proportion as he is sentient and restless, just in proportion as he vibrates with intellectual experience, is the critic a valu-

able instrument ; for in literature, assuredly, criticism *is* the critic, just as art is the artist ; it being assuredly the artist who invented art and the critic who invented criticism, and not the other way round.

And it is with the kinds of criticism exactly as it is with the kinds of art—the best kind, the only kind worth speaking of, is the kind that the most living spirit gives us. There are a hundred labels and tickets, in all this matter, that have been pasted on from the outside and appear to exist for the convenience of passers-by ; but the critic who lives *in* the house, ranging through its innumerable chambers, knows nothing about the bills on the front. He only knows that the more impressions he has the more he is able to record, and that the more he is saturated, poor fellow, the more he can give out. His life, at this rate, is heroic, for it is immensely vicarious. He has to understand for others and to interpret, and he is always under arms. He knows that the whole honour of the matter, for him, besides the success in his own eyes, depends upon his being indefatigably supple, and that is a formidable order. Let me not speak, however, as if his work were a conscious grind, for the sense of effort is easily lost in the enthusiasm of curiosity. Any vocation has its hours of intensity that is so closely connected with life. That of the critic, in literature, is connected doubly, for he deals with life at second-hand as well as at first; that is, he deals with the experience of others, which he resolves into his own, and not of those invented and selected others with whom the novelist makes comfortable terms, but with the uncompromising swarm of authors, the clamorous children of history. He has to make them as vivid and as free as the novelist makes *his* puppets, and yet he has, as the phrase is, to take them as they come. We must be easy with him if the picture, even when the aim has really been to penetrate, is sometimes confused, for there are baffling and there are thankless subjects ; and we compensate him in the peculiar purity of our esteem, when the portrait is really, as it were, like the happy portraits of the other art, a translation into style.

HENRY JAMES.

II.

LET us define Criticism as the form of skilled labour which is occupied in writing about other men's books, old or new. If Sainte-Beuve wrote on Dante, that is Criticism; and if a paragraphist in a newspaper compose a column of printed matter out of the prefaces of new books which he has not read, that is Criticism also. It is Criticism which discovers that Homer's works were compiled, in about five hundred years, by about fifty different authors. And it is Criticism which finds out that Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown steals his successful novels from Bishop Berkeley or Thomas Moore. The former is an example of the Higher Criticism, the latter of the lower species, and, really, both seem about equally valuable. It is not easy to find a common factor in Criticism, in the studies of which Aristotle and Longinus, Matthew Arnold and Sainte-Beuve, are masters, while unsuccessful lady novelists and uneducated pressmen form, perhaps, the majority of the school. All of them write about the works of other people, all distribute praise and blame; these are points common to all critics, though in reading, knowledge, taste, and temper there is every sort of diversity. All critics are contemplating works of literary art through the medium of their own temperaments, looking at them with their own eyes, estimating them by their own standards. Yet the writings of some critics are eternal possessions; always good to know and to live with, like the *Poetics* of Aristotle, or the *Ars Poetica* of Horace, or the Treatise of Longinus on the Sublime. The writings of other critics, daily or weekly, are often so ignorant, so prejudiced, so spiteful, so careless, that perhaps no printed matter is more entirely valueless and contemptible. It may be said that the topics with which the ordinary reviewer deals, the books on which he pronounces judgment, are not much better than the judgments he pronounces. This is very true, but it seems a pity that bad books should not be barren, but should beget bad reviews. That great George Dandin, the public, has willed it so.

Perhaps the only kind of Criticism worth reading or writing is that which narrates the adventures of an ingenious and educated mind in contact with masterpieces. The literary masterpieces of the world are so rich, so full of beauties, so charged with ideas, that some or many of these must escape most readers. We wander as in a world full of flowers: we cannot gather all, nor observe all. It is pleasant and profitable to hear the experiences of another in the same paradise, of another whose temper, whose knowledge of the world and of books, are very different from our own. We may agree with what he tells us, or may differ, but even in our differences we feel that we learn much, that our mind is moved to new activities. Thus, for example, if a critic's chief duty is to be correct, to be sound in his judgments, it is plain that neither Mr. Matthew Arnold nor, to take a modern instance, M. Jules Lemaître is always an impeccable critic. Mr. Arnold's *Lectures on Translating Homer*, a most lively and enlivening book, was vitiated (to my taste) by his extraordinary zeal for the English hexameter. It also contained many examples of his pet form of injustice. He chose an admirable passage from *Homer*, and as bad a passage as he could find from a ballad or from Scott: he placed them beside each other and drew conclusions. How a critic could ever persuade himself that this childish process was an argument we are not able to guess. But, on the other hand, the Lectures were full of deeply thought and keenly felt ideas on and impressions from Homeric poetry. Homer's admirers were delighted with new, and sound, and well expressed reasons for their admiration. In the same way M. Jules Lemaître confesses to more ignorance and more prejudice than, perhaps, he would like his enemies to charge him with. But he possesses, in his happier days, a sympathy, an urbanity, a wit, and even a literary enthusiasm (for Lamartine and Racine), which cover a number of sins in the eyes of an Englishman. Thus, it is not sober soundness and correctness and sagacity alone that make the critic. It is rather originality, individuality, the possession of wide knowledge and of an interesting temperament, that enable a writer on books to write what shall be valuable. For writing *about* writing is not in itself a very noble profession, nor one very well worth devoting time and labour to, though the greatest writers,

Goethe, Wordsworth, Hugo, Scott, have not disdained it. The laws and processes of all arts are interesting to artists, and to others who, without possessing genius, have knowledge, and taste, and discrimination. Criticism does very little, if anything, for any art, but man is so made that he takes pleasure in having his say. This "say" is Criticism, and, at worst, Criticism adds some agreeable hours to life, offers some pleasant matters of thought, brings us nearer to some great minds than we can come when we study their creative work alone; and so far, I suppose, Criticism has a *raison d'être* and needs no defence of its existence. Few persons, I presume, can look back on their first reading of Lessing's *Laocoon* without pleasure, without remembering how their outlook was widened, how their ideas were clarified, how they had gained more in a few hours from a book than they could have extracted from experience in years. It is a commonplace thing to say, but it is true, that good Criticism does for art and works of art what art does for nature and the works of nature. It clears our eyes, it heightens and intensifies and makes more select our pleasures.

But we are writing about excellent critics, men of taste, learning, temper, urbanity, and wit. The works of such authors, from Aristotle to Hazlitt, are, I suppose, very little read; are only read, as a rule, by people who have to occupy themselves professionally with literature, or who live much of their lives in literature's pale and shadowy, but enduring pleasures. The kind of Criticism which the world really reads is to be found in reviews of all sorts and sizes. "It is an ill bird which fouls its own nest," and heaven forbid that I should speak ill of the mystery of reviewing, whereby many of us make our inglorious, but not dishonourable, bread and butter. There are good reviews among the multitude which the Press, daily and weekly, brings to the birth. There are even reviews by men who are masters of their subjects, and who can give an author new facts, or new matter for thought. There are amiable reviews, which do their best to procure a hearing for a book admired by the reviewer. There are severe reviews, which honestly dance upon a book which the critic does not admire. There are candid, and temperate, and funny reviewers, for all of whom authors and readers may be thankful. They help (a little) to sell a book, or (a little)

they help to prevent its sale. Theirs are the verdicts of public tasters, that is all, or nearly all. Occasionally modern reviews are essays worth reading. If the reviewer be a student and competent, he can hang a charming article on the revival of an old play or the success or failure of a new play. Even the review of a novel may show good manners, wit, knowledge, a happy knack of bringing ideas together, and of elucidating the grounds of liking and disliking. I cannot agree with Mr. Besant's theory that critics never instruct and never encourage an author. That they often encourage and often discourage authors, experience shows us. That they instruct is more difficult to prove, because an author must, at all costs, be himself; and the best advice may be bad, if it makes him self-conscious, makes him try to be other than himself. On the whole, reviewing by instructed and competent men and women is not worthless, I hope, to the public, to publishers, or to authors. On the other hand, a great proportion of our innumerable reviews are written by the ignorant, the hasty, the spiteful, the careless, the incompetent. Some reviewers are merely flippant on all occasions; always with the same weary old second-hand flippancy, a bad imitation of a manner that never was good. Such are they who tell in a dozen lines of forced fun the plot of a novel. It may be a bad novel, but the best will not stand this process. Other reviewers there are, who appear to conceive gratuitous and causeless hates and loves for authors whom they never met, nor are likely to meet. They distribute blame or praise with a queer kind of personal *animus*, for which they probably could not account themselves. The book reviewed is the last thing in their minds. They are denouncing or applauding their own personal ideal of the author. A good deal of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness goes into the manufacture of reviews, all combined in an aspic of ignorance. For the ignorance of the ordinary reviewer is only equalled by his confidence, and by the audacity with which he delivers his brawling judgments on a book, after a glance at the preface. In brief, reviewing may be, and often is, done by gentlemen and scholars, but it is, perhaps, as frequently the mere expression of ignorant and careless and envious dulness. And how could it be otherwise? Here is a hungry and eager nobody, who has never

done, and never will do, anything. He has a pen in his hand, he has the work of someone who has made money and a name before him, and what is to prevent him from writing a review which amounts to a yell of "Yah!"

At the best, I suppose Criticism does authors very little good. Archdeacon Farrar, I think, though I have not the reference at hand, once told the world that Criticism had done *him* no good. This, perhaps, is an extreme case. But reviewing may do one's books good, if it be favourable. It may, if it be sincere and competent, give the public a hint as to what to read and what to avoid, though the public usually prefers its own selections. On a lower level, if it be witty (which is not common), Criticism may amuse, and to amuse a few readers is not wholly to waste time, ink, and paper. Such seem to me to be the humble duties of everyday reviewing work. You may benefit a new author a little, though, to be sure, in doing so you make all Grub Street detest him. You may cause a pretender to dance at the Torture Stake, though this again is an entertainment in which only the young braves and the squaws should take part. You should, at least, be "indifferent honest," and speak your mind. Here is an opportunity for a story about that eminent female critic, Mrs. Carter, the learned lady, the translator of Epictetus. On September 5th, 1746, Mrs. Carter wrote to Miss Talbot. She had been reading the *Odyssey*, and thought it a very mean performance. "It really does not seem of any great importance to the reader whether Telemachus hung his clothes upon a peg, or was sloven enough to throw them on the floor; or whether Mr. Trulliber (I have forgot his Greek name) took exact care of the hogs. If it was not an incontestable fact that Milton wrote *Paradise Regained*, one could never believe Homer wrote the *Odyssey*."

Here we find Mrs. Carter an honest, if not, perhaps, an acute or sympathetic critic. But her Editor, a clergyman, tells us that "Mrs. Carter's criticism was not designed for the public"; she would have spoken very differently if she had written for the public. In that case Mrs. Carter would have been dishonest, a knave: we prefer her honest, and not very wise. Let all critics imitate the out-

spoken private manner of Mrs. Carter, remembering, also, to avoid the literary arts unknown to Mr. Clough. "He had not yet traduced his friends, nor flattered his enemies, nor blamed what he approved, nor praised what he despised." Criticism would be more amusing if all critics were like Mrs. Carter; it is vain to hope that they will all be like Mr. Clough. But, when all is said, I own that I can scarcely conceive of a topic less momentous than Criticism. We are all but *Goniobombukes;** though some buzz a little longer or louder than others, and in a more spacious corner. Who reads Boileau now, and is Quintilian much in men's minds? Does Mr. Pinero consult the

"Prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in?"

Where is Burke on the Sublime, and where is Mr. Morritt's *Vindication of Homer*, and Blackwell's treatise on the same author? Quite a mild little poem or a third-rate play outlives and outlasts most of our Criticisms, and the critic's lot, on the whole, is not a happy one. Perhaps Mr. Henry James and Mr. Saintsbury find it more satisfactory than I do.

A. LANG.

III.

THERE is a great deal too much waste of powder and shot in the current attacks which authors make upon critics. It is of no use at all to fight against the purely irresponsible, incompetent, or indolent expressions of opinion, which form the main body of what are commonly called "Press notices." These, be they genial or spiteful, if written by persons without literary training on books the subjects of which lie outside their knowledge, mean less than nothing. No leafage of the printing press can be so utterly deciduous. It is better to leave this mass of imitative opinion untouched, and to consider only what is of its kind sincere, original, and competent. Of literary criticism which we can discuss with gravity, criticism which may presumably be of some service to its

* For the benefit of Grub Street, let us translate this hard word. It means "persons who buzz in a corner."

readers, there are two main species. The first of these, and the least important, may be briefly dismissed.

The books of the day, copies of each of which are poured forth into the editorial offices of half a hundred newspapers, meet with a certain number of critics who are trained to form an opinion of their qualities which is relatively just and precise. The nature of this kind of criticism it should be easy to define. The critic has to take the book on its own merits, to describe succinctly its contents or the line of its argument, and to give a judgment on its execution. This work is strictly impersonal. He must not air his own opinions, he should not, in this elementary kind of criticism, compare the author's book with those of his contemporaries, or even with his own earlier productions. The critic is here merely employed to tell the newspaper-reader what is the nature of this or that particular volume which has just been published. His duty is to be truthful, to be unprejudiced, to guard against riding any of his own hobbies unfairly, in short, to give the book before him a fair field and no favour. This is the inferior class of criticism, which, in my opinion, is always more effective when unsigned. It is not of a pretentious order ; but if honestly and competently performed, in the spirit of a gentleman, it may be of extraordinary public utility. But it is uncomparative, and it is of necessity a mere indication of fleeting opinion.

The other class of literary criticism, and the only one which it is of serious interest to discuss, is comparative and composite. To this class belongs all the criticism that enjoys even a brief existence as in itself a species of literature. At its best, this is one of the most exquisite of intellectual products, and only a little below the creative work of the novelist or poet. It has come into existence much later than the other forms of *belles-lettres ;* it is hardly two hundred years old. Yet it takes every day a greater prominence, and it becomes more and more desirable to insist on its importance and to ensure its welfare.

The best criticism must, I conceive, be intelligent, sympathetic, and personal. The critic must first of all be intelligent. His mind must act with rapidity. It must be trained to receive a succession of delicate impressions promptly and precisely. He must be agile

in intellectual movement. If he misunderstands his author for a moment, he must be ready instantly to retrace his steps ; he must not push on, obstinately force the sense, and delight in his own robustness. Misplaced vigour of this kind is a very English fault in criticism. Half the honest fellows who come up from both Universities, ready equipped to be critics, prove mere bulls in the china shop of imaginative literature. What is subtle and evanescent escapes them, what is unfamiliar to their narrow experience they are able to prove has never, and could never have, existed, and when it is their business to be attentive they are merely waking the echoes with their own formulas. The best critic is quick of ear and eye, slow to believe that he has exhausted his theme, anxious to comprehend from all points of view the product presented to him.

The critic must be sympathetic. He must have some of the qualities of the purely creative writer—insight, imagination, a sense of relative values. It is not enough to be clearly aware of the meaning of the writer under discussion, nor of the exact tendency of his work With this, and with nothing more, some very interesting results have been obtained, particularly in France. But this is far from being enough. The critic, if he is to be of the highest class, must know why his author wrote thus and thus. Even when he detests what the author has written, he must comprehend what led to such manifestations. He must be capable of leaving his own plane and of moving in the very atmosphere of his subject. By an imaginative process, he must see the mind of the author at work, and appreciate not merely the product but the process.

Most thoughtful readers will admit that criticism must be intelligent and even sympathetic. I anticipate more opposition when I insist that it must be personal, that is to say, individual to the critic. It appears to me that there can be no valuable criticism of the composite order, nothing comparative or elaborate, that does not depend for its value on the personal authority or personal charm of the critic who produces it. What we do not want, what gods and men abhor, is the absence of personality in criticism, a colourless statement of second-hand opinion, not due to any individual impression, not the result of personal judgment, but a kind of

average opinion, nebulous and unassailable, formed indolently and ignorantly on the unreasonable likes or dislikes of the public.

It is impossible within the space allotted to us here to do more than touch on one or two desultory points. I pass, therefore, without apology, to a general consideration. Nothing seems to be more lacking to the ordinary literary criticism of this country than the sense of proportion. It would be a great benefit to this branch of literature if those who practise it would realise more clearly the dignity of the art they undertake to cultivate and the natural parts of which it should consist. A perusal of the reviews of the day suggests a whole code of negatives which might be useful to reviewers. Criticism—one would like to say to these young lions, if one had the temerity to do so,—criticism is not praise nor blame; it is analysis. It is not pretty writing about the subject which the author has treated. It is not an exaggerated laudation of minor points where you agree with him. It is not a series of instances in which he has made grammatical errors or erred from the paths of punctuation. It is not any exclusive inspection of lesser points, whether for fault-finding or the reverse. The consideration of these minor matters has its place in the course of minor criticism, but even there it should be kept in proportion with the general outlines of the theme. An insistence upon these lesser details, to the disregard of the larger matters of literary interest, must always be the indication of an ill-balanced judgment.

Most of the faults of current critics would be avoided if they, and if we, their readers, would, as I have said, realise the dignity of the art they practise. Where would be the room for acrid recrimination, for slovenly *obiter dicta*, for exhibitions of unabashed ignorance, for all the species of criticism falsely so-called from which we suffer, if writers regarded this department of letters as gravely as they do the others? We have to demand in those who discourse to us on literature certain definite qualities. Without a lifelong knowledge of books, without absolute judicial rectitude, without the mental habit of urbanity, without a determined cultivation of suppleness and independence of mind, no one ought to have the presumption to present himself to us as a critic.

EDMUND GOSSE.

THE OUTCOME OF THE MANIPUR DISASTER.

A DISASTER has occurred in a remote valley amidst the hills on the east of Bengal. A misfortune of this sort becomes magnified in this sensitive and sensational age. There is one, and only one, element of gravity in the case, and that is the murder of our English officers. Three officers of rank and position have been treacherously and barbarously killed—one of them the Chief Commissioner, virtually conducting the government of a province; another, the Resident or British representative at Manipur; another, the Commandant of the British troops—natives—on the spot. These are the principal, but, besides these, it is understood that one or more English officers have fallen victims. The shedding of English blood murderously in the Indian Empire is always a matter of serious import, demanding the severest measures from the British Government; in this case the rank and status of the victims aggravate the occurrence. But for this, however, the misfortune would not have amounted to much. Foreign nations, ever ready to mark what is amiss with England, may eagerly notice the telegraphic summaries, and telegraphy always tends to exaggeration. But responsible English authorities will measure exactly the proportions of the affair. After all, what has occurred? A small British native force, numbering, all told, 500 to 600 men—little more than the wing of a regiment—has been repulsed, and forced to retire with a slight loss from the Manipur territory. This territory is not British at all, but belongs to a native Prince under British protection. The promptest measures are being adopted by the Government of India, and ere these lines see the light the disaster, if such it can be called, will have been amply retrieved.

So far well ; but in India our Empire is so largely one of opinion, so broadly based on moral as well as physical forces, that we cannot afford to disregard even the slightest blow to our Imperial prestige. Geographically, Manipur may be an insignificant locality, an upland valley, 2,600 feet above sea level, an area of some 700 square miles, and a revenue of less than £20,000 a year, a population of less than a quarter of a million. The valley itself is not remarkable in scenery, though it has one fine lake, the Logtak. It is surrounded, however, by forest-bearing hills. Among the forests the teak and bamboo are conspicuous. The hilly area may comprise 4,000 or 5,000 square miles. The people of Manipur are Hindoos—converts of no very ancient date—while the surrounding tribes have an aboriginal faith. But the political status of Manipur is not to be measured statistically. It has, heretofore, been a sort of oasis of loyalty and respectability in a mountainous desert of wild and often hostile tribes—Kukis, Lushais, Nagas, Chins, and others. In our not infrequent operations against these tribes, it has rendered valuable assistance. Formerly, these tribes affected little more than our eastern Bengal frontier. But with the development of Assam their importance increased. And recently the annexation of Upper Burmah has brought us into contact with them from another side. Thus it may be said that these tribes are almost environed by British territory—and Manipur is in the very middle of them. If we manage well they must fall more and more under our civilising influences. If we manage ill, then they will be thorns in the sides of three British provinces—Bengal, Assam, and Upper Burmah—and will be obstacles to Imperial progress. In such management our treatment of the new case that has arisen in Manipur will play a part of some consequence. Therefore, I shall address myself to the question, what ought to be done for the future of Manipur ?

For the solution of the question I do not undertake to criticise what has occurred—we have not the information for such a purpose. All we see by the light of events is just this, that if the British Government felt bound to interfere in the internal government of Manipur, a force much stronger than that actually sent ought to have been employed to support such interference. Nor do I pronounce on the validity of the grounds for such interference, as we

do not know as yet what the reasons exactly were. But evidently there may have been good reasons. From political transactions extending over a century, the native Prince (Raja) of Manipur has been in successive reigns under our protection. Recently the rightful Prince, being opposed by his two younger brothers, bearing the titles of Senapati and Jubraj, fled to Calcutta and claimed our help to reinstate him. The Government of India felt itself obliged to take measures with this object. These measures, being inadequate, have at the first blush resulted in the failure which we all know. But the British Government will immediately gain the mastery of this petty State. The question will instantly arise, "What shall we do with Manipur?" Many will say, annex it. If the British authorities find that they cannot set up any native administration in the State; if the Senapati and the Jubraj, being found guilty of murdering our officers, shall, *ipso facto*, be impossible persons; if the lawful Prince be too feeble; if no other native ruler be available—why, then annexation may be inevitable. But if, happily, any native administration can be established, then I for one hope that annexation may be avoided. Such avoidance would be better for our Imperial finance and for our prestige or popularity with the hill tribes above mentioned.

But whether Manipur be continued as a native State, or be created a British district, it must be not only within reach of the arm, but under the hand of British authority. Any repetition of the recent misfortune must be rendered impossible. How shall this be done? There is one, and only one, perfect way of doing this, and that is making a railway through the State, and so connecting it immediately with the existing railway system of Bengal, and ultimately with the railway system of Upper Burmah. It is to this matter that I shall now address myself.

Fortunately it happens that the Government of India have already got a scheme for connecting Assam—that is, the Upper Valley of the Brahmaputra—with the eastern shore of the Bay of Bengal at Chittagong, by a railway running through the hilly districts of these very hill tribes which have been mentioned. This will be a line of political as well as commercial value. At present the teeming produce of Assam, including tea, has to be sent to

Calcutta for exportation by a route which, if not circuitous, is yet far from being direct, and, therefore, comparatively expensive. But if this new line be constructed, then this traffic will go by a direct route much cheaper and shorter than the old one. And Chittagong, already a growing port, will be the emporium for much produce that has heretofore gone to Calcutta. The line will begin from Dibrugarh, on the upper or eastern end of Assam, far away in the Upper Brahmaputra Valley. Here is already existing a short line for coal and petroleum from a small place in the hills named Jaipur to Dibrugarh on the great river; that is, on the left bank of the Brahmaputra. The line then beginning at Dibrugarh will skirt the southern or left bank of the Brahmaputra, the richest part of the Assam Valley, passing by the well-known river stations of Sibsagar and Golaghat, following, so far, a westerly course. At the last named place, which is about the centre of Assam, the line leaves the riverside and strikes off southwards through the Naga Hills till it comes to a point near Kohima, just north of Manipur—the very Kohima which has been several times mentioned during the recent occurrences as a British outpost. A short way below Kohima there is a bifurcation, one branch running off to Gowhatty in Lower Assam, but with this subsidiary branch I am not now concerned. I revert to the continuation of the main line running southwards from somewhere near Kohima. This line then passes through the hills just west of Manipur till it descends into the low-lying and fertile tracts of Silchar and Cachar. Traversing these still in a southerly direction, the line re-enters the hills in the district known as Hill Tippera, and descends again to the lowlands near Noacolly on the north-eastern corner of the Bay of Bengal—at the mouth of the Megna, into which the mouth of the Brahmaputra is merged. From this corner the line will skirt the eastern shore of the Bay of Bengal till it touches Chittagong, the terminal port. A glance at any atlas will show the topographical, political, and commercial value of this line of about 550 miles. It has been surveyed and estimates of probable cost have been made. Negotiations are pending for its construction through private enterprise under certain conditions with the Government. These had been hanging fire some-

what; but probably an impulse will be given to them by recent events.

Now, the first point is to connect Manipur with this line and so to bring it into relation with the railway system of Bengal. For this purpose a short branch only from the main line would be needed. This would be conveniently taken from some point near Kohima, probably a point a little to the south-west of that place. The exact distance to Manipur, that is, the length of the branch, would depend on the point selected for divergence. But it would hardly exceed fifty or sixty miles, traversing hilly country, however. Thus, if the main line be established, the branch to Manipur will be but a slight addition easily made. If this be done, then Manipur, even if it remain a native State, will be brought into contact with the civilisation of British India and will be rescued from its immemorial isolation. At the same time the surrounding tribes will be overawed by the mere existence of a railway which can bring at the shortest notice within striking distance all the might of British armament.

But, further, Manipur should be brought into communication by rail not only with British India, but also with Upper Burmah. It should be a halting station almost like a half-way house between Assam on the one hand and Upper Burmah on the other hand. For this consummation nature offers facilities by geographical features and configuration of the ground. The hill country which separates Manipur from Cachar and Eastern Bengal, and is traversed by the railway line above described, is also a water parting. It is the ground which divides the drainage of the Brahmaputra and the Megna from the drainage of the Irrawaddy. From this ground all the water flowing westward finds its way into Bengal; while all the water flowing eastwards through Manipur finds its way into Burmah. The streams thus flowing through the Manipur Valley have their exit at the southern end. It would seem that these streams fall into the Logtak lake already mentioned, and thence emerge in a united volume and pass on southwards to Burmah. By that passage they form a stream which becomes an affluent of the Chindwin. Now, the Chindwin rises far to the north-east in lofty ranges whence the Irrawaddy takes its source. It becomes

then one of the main feeders of the Irrawaddy and joins that river near Mandalay. The problem of the future, then—not very remote, I trust—is to connect Manipur with Upper Burmah and Mandalay by rail. The distance will be about 350 miles in a south-easterly direction. And that is the very direction in which the waters run—namely, the Chindwin and its affluents. In countries like these the pioneers of railway enterprise naturally seek for the line of water, because the beds of the streams, or the valleys of the rivers, supply lines for railways—the object being always to avoid going athwart any of the numerous hill ranges which occur. This is primarily an engineering consideration.

Now, it so happens that the Government in Burmah have all along contemplated a railway line from Mandalay on the Irrawaddy to some point on the Manipur frontier. With that view a line has been surveyed from Mandalay by the Mu Valley to Shewbo. This is the first section to be constructed in the interests of the administration in Upper Burmah. Thence the line is proposed and has been partly examined as far as Kaleymyo, on the river Chindwin, already mentioned. Thence the distance is short to the drainage exit from the Manipur Valley just described. Thus it appears a railway might without difficulty be constructed from Manipur to Mandalay, passing all the way through British dominions, developing regions now imperfectly cultivated and scantily populated in proportion to their capabilities, and indefinitely improving a kingdom which we have annexed. Then, and not till then, will the missing link be supplied. The line just mentioned has heretofore been contemplated for the improvement of Upper Burmah, and especially of its north-western frontier. Manipur was not then thought of, but now a fresh motive is supplied. Manipur has forced itself to the front, and has to be reckoned with or provided for. It will be served by a slight extension of the very line which has been already projected for the sake of Upper Burmah. The crisis in Manipur should indeed give an impulse to the general scheme.

Such a scheme would concern not Manipur alone. It would facilitate all military arrangements between Bengal, Assam, and Burmah. Inasmuch as a belt of hill tribes—as already explained—adjoins these three provinces, almost separating one from the

other, these arrangements must be made more effectively strict than heretofore. This affair at Manipur shows that these tribes, though usually well behaved and often docile, are yet occasionally excitable and sometimes even dangerous. A sort of barbarism lurks in the disposition of these races. The tame tiger sees blood and is instantly beside himself. We should never forget the analogy. The basis of all military management is a railway. Its cost recoups itself by the saving of military charges and by the increase of military mobility. The same agency that leads to military and political results conduces also to commerce and to pacification. Under modern conditions a railway is a thing which serves every purpose of Government, whether in peace or in war. Nowhere would it be more useful than in the territories I have been considering. It would join the new territories on the Irrawaddy with our old territories on the Brahmaputra. It would greatly shorten the military communication between Bengal and Upper Burmah. It would furnish a route almost direct across country as the crow flies, instead of the present route by sea, from Calcutta to the mouth of the Irrawaddy and Rangoon far to the south, and thence by the long course up that river to Mandalay far to the north back again. For all these advantages the outlay is chargeable to capital account—in part at least—and the annual burden is not heavy upon Indian finance in the first instance, while it is lightened from time to time as the lines become remunerative until it disappears altogether.

Lastly, all this will confirm our hold securely on the eastern frontier of India and the adjoining part of Burmah. If ever a struggle for the retention of this eastern empire shall occur, it will not, indeed, be hereabouts, but, on the contrary, in the opposite or north-west direction. But when we shall be battling for Imperial existence in the western end—if ever that day shall come—it will be well that in time of peace we render our eastern end absolutely secure.

Thus the recent misfortune at Manipur may, by statesmanlike management, be made conducive to good, and may cause us to undertake measures which are most beneficial but which, without this accidental stimulus, might have been indefinitely delayed or, perhaps, never undertaken at all. This, then, ought to be the out-

come of the Manipur disaster. Our English officers have been killed there in the execution of duty according to their lights. They may have been imprudent in trusting themselves—their lives, but not their honour—to half-civilised people in a state of excitement. But they relied on the *bona fides* of the people among whom they had lived and laboured, and over whom they had wisely and considerately ruled. They were striving to secure peace and to save bloodshed. While so doing they have been treacherously captured and murdered. The truly Christian way of exacting retribution for their death is so to improve this region that repetition of such a crime shall be impossible. We all remember the saying in higher matters, that the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church. The same principle is applicable to secular affairs. Let the blood of our murdered officers be rendered fruitful for consolidating and strengthening the north-eastern portion of the Indian Empire.

RICHARD TEMPLE.

THE IDEALS OF ART.

BEFORE the close of last year's Academy, an article—which was most important, as it summed up in logical completeness the current ideas upon the subject—appeared in the NEW REVIEW, written by the Duke of Marlborough. It gave judgment upon the relative merits of Continental and British Art. The verdict arrived at was unfavourable for England as far as its pictorial genius is concerned. The absence of all artistic instinct in this befogged nation was first laid down by Wincklemann. Strictural judgments of ourselves are always wholesomely in favour in this country, and so Wincklemann's view has never been without its champions among us, for malcontents have much used it as a last retreat in a Parthian attack; the keepers of the defending fort never having taken pains to demolish the distant cover; and in France the axiom has been welcomed as scarcely less precious than if it had risen on Gallic soil. That which makes it necessary to refer to the argument relied upon by the Duke of Marlborough here is that it does stand on a practical ground very rightly approved by a nation of shopkeepers such as the English are. The test so good for other products is applied with confidence to settle the worth of Art creations. The principle has been often before tacitly assumed as final, but the whole argument of the article is an open declaration of the infallibility of the tribunal cited. If accepted, the question of the ideals of our Art needs no further disquisition. The matter is settled absolutely, with a perfect adaptability for the changing occasions of the future. The conclusion of the whole would be that henceforth Englishmen should consider themselves debarred from the consideration of the theory together with the practice of Art, for the whole 150 years of

its effort seem to result in nothing but hopeless failure. Not only are they defeated now, but our national flag is so given up to our rivals that henceforth we should look upon ourselves at the best as only a province of France. The test is the demand in the market, and for portraiture the readiness of foreigners to pay English artists to paint their portraits, and it is shown that whereas French picture dealers never come to England to buy British works, the English picture dealers go in shoals to France, Belgium, &c., to buy works by the natives of these gifted countries. For all who accept the inference it remains only to search out what the ideals of Art are with Frenchmen, Belgians, &c., and to be thankful for due intelligence to understand these. The case is, in fact, more than proved, for beyond what is stated we have foreigners of all races brought here to do their Art work on English soil; and the welcome they get from all quarters, to the great humiliation of English artists and Art, warrants the Duke of Marlborough's conclusions that Continental painting and sculpture far surpass English work, for they are patronised by the British Court, by the Government and public Corporations, by portrait sitters and by picture collectors. This foreign Art has an undoubtedly distinct character at its highest, as well as its lowest, and many young men—even before the appearance of the article referred to—had been persuaded by the general tone of appreciation it gained to set themselves the task of cultivating the particular ideal adopted, and of imitating the manner of realising this.

On such a wide scale the rule is a safe one among merchants, that what is the best in quality is the most in demand, and therefore the dearest, so that it seems a natural prejudice to sustain the principle to the very utmost extent as omnipotent. It applies in the first instance to articles of food and clothing, which are accepted by experienced sight and judgment as of the brand and locality which before have produced the most nourishing and delicious food or the best wearing materials and finest fabrics for dresses. The merchant has such respect for the knowledge and judgment of his customers that he feels he would not be acting in his own interest to purchase inferior articles, except at a lower price—for everything is put to the test of use and cost and wear by the first and second

buyers, and thus the dealer would quickly destroy his reputation with the consumers were he to select spurious or over-price goods.

This rule extends to weapons, to harness, to tools, and materials for practical work of all kinds, and to building materials of all descriptions, to all articles, in fact, consumed by contemporaries ; but when we come to works of Art we ought to ask twice, at least, before we conclude that we are on equally safe ground with our test, since we are confronted with one very startling difference on the threshold of our inquiry : for we never heard of the first and the later opinion of the worth of any commodity of daily utility being appraised so differently at first sight and afterwards (within a few years it may be) as we constantly do of a work of Art. Within our own national experience there is in illustration the case of our first landscape painter, Wilson, who, when in Rome, was momentarily rescued from poverty by the good-hearted championship of Vernet, the seaport painter, who reproved the throng of English admirers and would-be patrons of his studio, of the fashionable class, for their disregard of their compatriot, whom he declared to be his superior. The kindly service produced but brief patronage. The dealers could sell nothing of Wilson's then, and the only merchant who later ventured upon the purchase of works at 16s. each after a term refused further investment in the wares on the ground that he had never sold a single canvas of all which he had bought previously. The fashionable class have, since this painter's subsequent neglect and death, slowly recognised Wilson's worth, as is proved by the prices they have accorded to the pictures so determinedly neglected at first. Hogarth's works had as strangely gone begging in his lifetime ; one example is convincing. The six pictures of "Marriage à la Mode," in their beautifully carved frames, were bought from the great painter for 110gs., and in forty-seven years they sold for £1,381 ; and now, notwithstanding the verdict by a great critic, Chesneau, against Hogarth, what would they not fetch ? To come to later times—passing over, by the way, many other extraordinary examples of utter contempt of work in the beginning, which reflective years have estimated as among the most precious pearls in the nation's crown of glory, and also the wonderfully high appraisements of works which accorded with the

taste of the passing day, and which have since sunk in commercial value to no more than the value of the frames—we have one glaring example of the uncertainty in the minds of picture merchants of more value to our argument, because it puts France on the same level with England in this matter. It is the wide difference between the first and final valuation by dealers of Millet's "Angelus." This the painter offered in vain to successive Parisian picture-shops for £100, until he was compelled to accept about £75. It was brought to this country soon after, and refused by an amateur dealer at £200; and in another ten years or so it was sold, after Millet's death, at £27,000. As further evidence of the uncertainty of dealers' and buyers' judgment at first sight, let it be remembered that Turner's bequest to the nation consists of pictures which had been declined by the connoisseurs, speculative or otherwise. In his Life by Walter Thornbury, a contributor tells of Turner replying to a remark on some paintings standing in the passage of his house, which had recently been brought in, "Yes, I send them to exhibitions, but they all come back again," and it is well known that his exquisite painting of "Crossing the Brook" was refused by the gentleman for whom it was painted at the price of £300. Yet this work at an auction would now certainly bring more than twenty times the original sum. With such facts before us we have to ask which judgment of the picture-dealers we shall accept, the first or the second?

In any investigation as to the ideals of Art it is ever of the first importance to determine how far the taste of the day is founded upon healthy study of the question. I am not able to conclude that artists themselves, who ought to be cautious as well as broad-minded, have not, and do not, come to opinions with but small care for their future reputation for judgment, for they have too often adopted the prejudices of the day without inquiry. On the Continent the claims of England to Art excellence have been but grudgingly acknowledged.

There is a frieze on the Palais de l'Industrie bearing the names of many great artists of the Continent, but among all, as I am assured, there is not that of one Englishman. To the concoctors of that list Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney (the three last

wisely singled out by the Duke of Marlborough for some laudation), Wilson, Flaxman, Stothard, Wilkie, and Turner had worked altogether in vain. Bavarian artists, again, seem to have encouraged a similar prejudice, as anyone may now see in the Pinacothek at Munich, for in a gallery painted about 1836 to do honour to the Art of the world, while Italy, France, Spain, Holland, and Germany have representative men to stand for them, in the compartment devoted to England the figure of Sleeping Genius is portrayed, as he is just being aroused by a blast from the trumpet of Fame tingling in his startled ears. It is true that the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral is in the background, but this is there to localise the scene rather than as a triumph of Art. I do not know that even now there is much advance on this point, although, indeed, about two years since in a letter from Berlin I observed a questionably complimentary phrase to the effect that England was certainly now beginning to develop a School of Art: a decision arrived at, perhaps, from the fact that in contributions to Continental exhibitions the works of Parisian inspiration by foreign artists settled in London appear in quantity, and to these with official Englishmen the grand prizes are always first given.

What has given ground for the prejudice is certainly the established indifference of the ruling classes to the claim that British artists have honestly earned, that they might be allowed to work on a scale deserving to be regarded as national.

There is a difficulty in any practical artist taking upon himself to define what is true in taste, since naturally it will be concluded that he is defending his own choice and manner of work. In a degree this must, indeed, be allowed for, but at the worst it cannot be so misleading as the *ipse dixit* of professors who never show you on what level their words describing the shore being explored are to be read, and whether they are standing on vessels of good burthen, or are floating only on corks or feathers up and down the twisting currents of the bestained and much polluted stream of passing life. The ideal of Art in this day has to be eliminated from a confusing jumble of misrepresentation, which imagines the defiling flood as the crystal of the pure river it once was, and which it should ever be. I do not claim more than that my work, such as

it is, ought to have enabled me to sift many hundreds of times my first theories, and to come to mature convictions which at my start in life it would have been a blessing to me to have had demonstrated by an elder of real experience.

I have no word of blame for the dealers. Of course, they are not all of one grade in any respect. Some, indeed, within certain lines, acquire an independent knowledge of Art, but their business, whatever they may feel privately, is to learn the taste of the day, and to adapt their course to meet this. At times they make mistakes even from over-desire to be safe. You could not expect that any one of them would declare his prime motive in his dealing. Often—not altogether falsely—he uses the protestation of intense devotion to the interests of Art in the largest sense as a stalking horse for his nearest interests, but no sensible person would take him seriously as a perfect guide to the nation for reaching its highest pinnacle of glory. For an artist so to adapt himself to the market is a prostitution of all honest aims; it is the selling of his soul alive, and when the example is followed, believe me that Art is on the road to the grave. The corpse may be fair and well decked out, but never more will it be raised up from the bier. His Grace has apportioned some well-deserved praise to a few members of the English school, mixed with his strictures on others. He will quickly see that the meritorious are not of the number turning out of their way to catch the favour of the "shrewd Scotch and Americans" who buy in obedience to the fashion of the time. There are too many caterers to spoilt children of fortune who pass for true artists. They have learned the trick of the trade. They know all the stock sentiments. They offer the faded tints and lines worn out and discarded by the truly inspired, and they can delight in the evidence of the ease, even, too, of the perfection, with which they have done their work. However they may display their well-drilled powers, their god is the market, and to this they sacrifice, having no fear of losing, and the largest reward being offered; but the end is not yet.

To prepare at closer hand for the investigation of the true ideal in Art, we must consider the matter in a manner parallel to that which Socrates recommends about philosophy. If the whimsical and ignorant infant patients imagined by the Athenian

dialectician were asked for their favourite provider of food, would they choose the physician whose experience made him a wise adviser for the training of youth destined for great athletic achievements? They would rather, it is justly pointed out, choose the confectioner who would indulge them with sweetmeats and pastry for their food, and demur loudly to the wholesome food which the guardian of health would supply. There are surely but few among the rich backing the dealers who are beyond the stage of these children. The stomach soon sends retribution for folly in too great indulgence in sweetmeats and other unwholesome dainties; but where does the penalty fall for transgressions of good judgment in taste? Not on the culprits at all, but only on the national Art, which many poor men are giving their lives to keep vigorous and to enlarge. It would not be difficult to prove that often misdirected potentates have spent not only their own but also the public money in encouraging one dishonest quack after another, and it seems to have given them more joy when the impostor was a foreigner; and thus the public prejudice against native power has been increased. The fact is that our misfortune is in the general flippant estimate by the great of the importance of Art to a country. The Duke gives evidence of this in the following sentence:—"We may be, and no doubt are, in matter of Empire, the Romans of modern Europe; but in Art and all that pertains to Art teaching the French are the modern Athenians, and Paris is the modern Athens." He is perfectly unaffected with any feeling that perhaps there is fault somewhere outside the circle of workers when he brings himself to decide that the country which made its sacrifices, and showed its iron will under the leadership of his great ancestor, that Europe should not be given back to Cæsarism (as it did again in the great war against Napoleon), must now go down to posterity branded as a set of warriors fighting for no great object, that is, so far as any evidence in beauty of design left for the New Zealander to see could save them from the slur, and he never acknowledges the extreme improbability of such incapacity in a race which has produced incontestably the greatest poets the world has yet known. Surely he must see the absurdity of such a sweeping condemnation while the array of great masters England has produced

in the face of the indifference of the great stand before all honest eyes, so that some even are quoted in his paper. What of use the rich have done in Art has mainly been to patronise portraiture. The result in the highest examples has been so noble that this alone has established the greatest aptitude of our race for the Art. What other modern country has come near to the greatness of our portraitists of a century since? In other branches of the pursuit the workman has had to embrace continual poverty. Yet what Frenchman has painted a picture equal in living movement to Wilkie's "Blindman's Buff," one in sweetness like Leslie's "Mother and Babe"? Who has done one equal in honest and dignified pathos to F. Walker's "Vale of Rest"? Or let it be asked, what Turner have they had? In one other interest than portraiture the rich here have also indulged their lust for painting. Sport with us is a kind of cult. Every kind of hunting has a poetic phase, and the pastime should, and does, in many persons lead to the growth of a love of Nature, yet in sporting pictures it is astounding how rarely there was at first anything but the baldest record of some details about the shape of a horse or other animal when stretched in a position like a butterfly, in a naturalist's case, pinned out to show his points. Landseer appealed to this love of the chase more capably with Art; he had a strong, if a sinister, poetic strain in him, which at times reached great heights, but the productions of his most in favour were of scenes dwelling upon the butcher-like side of the pursuit. Hounds tearing poor deer to their death, and terriers digging their teeth into rabbits or hares, or stags standing in such a way as to be "a good shot" for a sportsman—for a whole generation these were regarded by the rich as the noblest productions of the English school, and I think they did much to lower the conception of the purpose of painting and design; perhaps, too, they led to the very sudden rush of prejudice for Continental Art as found in Rosa Bonheur, who had not any spark of the English painter's poetry, who could not draw form so well, but who never descended to the vulgarity which frequently marred our animal painters' conceptions.

The tide, once having set in, flows on with a constantly increasing

rush, so that now I am not exaggerating in saying that Englishmen are being driven from the possibility of continuing this profession. If the judgment is right which says that foreigners are our superiors, then our race must bear a stigma of incompetence in one point, which is a great reversal of the judgment on its first efforts.

What is this French Art with which in the matter of design Europe is now to be Cæsarised? I have no lack of interest and admiration for it on its own ground in its highest examples. It is an expression, as all Art should be, of the nature of the race. We see the same spirit in its literature and on the stage. The *situation* is the object of aspiration. Figure-painting is used as the means of representing a dramatic situation; every point is made the most of for the case. A fact in history is chosen, it may be by a master mind; the spectator sees the whole scene vividly as any historic penetration could present it. Every detail is accurate, costume, accessories, and architecture; every figure is in its right place and costume. I delight in conning such a tableau over, and am grateful to the painter for a most useful piece of illustrative information, yet I look in vain for the divine breath which animates the living world. When the fact is of no historic or dramatic interest, with men doing what amounts to nothing, or otherwise the intention is to excite the latent brute in man, it is ingenious and curious, but not edifying, either as Art or as information. When no play is going on the figures are only dead pawns off the board.

Constable is thought by many French painters to have been a compatriot; so entirely, since he was honoured by their predecessors in 1820, have they followed him, not in spirit, but in manner. He had not a mind of the greatest range; his was an instrument with no high notes, but it was in direct resonance to Nature's lightest touch. His French followers, as all followers do, find their admirers waiting. They accept given patterns to copy more proudly than our painters of name do. A theme once found acceptable is repeated like a lesson. A moonlight under clouds, with the herding of sheep or cattle, was first etched divinely in two or three forms by our own Palmer. Then it was too new to be understood. Now it is welcomed as is a thrice-told tale by the dull. I have often read that amongst French landscape painters

there are charms in the realism of this painter, or in the sentiment of another; but I find the first too self-asserting. There are none of Nature's surprises. She has been tamed and trained to serve the school; and the second bears reminiscence of previous favourite effects. Troyon is a manufacturer of metallically over-coloured foliage to give effect to some white patched cows. Israels is a man with one good undertaker's stock in trade, without any eye for the world but what is funereal. In any case, there is no painting in the sense that the work of Titian, Rembrandt, De Hoogh, Reynolds, and Turner is painting; there is no joy of thankfulness in spirit, and no subtilty and profundity of variety in the handling and the treatment of ocular impressions. There is not an example of what truly constitutes the artistic stamp, the presence of human expression and tenderness, which makes the spectator forget everything but a thrill of divine love passing through him in tacitly acknowledging a new appeal to his heart. When you have looked your best at Gerôme's gladiators, do you feel that you have singled out one of the victims to wonder about, as Byron did of the Dying Gladiator, as to his distant home and loved ones? The merit of French work commends itself greatly to the literary mind, and so all our Press praise it to the skies. The detail of Meissonier's work they can peer into and estimate; it is too perfect for human eyes. You need a magnifying glass to see its fullest beauty, but the strongest lens will bring you no nearer to the true artist's limitations. In other cases the French advocates take palpable dabs, all of one shape and size, with undisguised paint as a sign of masterliness in the school that indulges in dash. As well might the meaningless scribbling of children, done in imitation of the hasty writing of parents, be regarded as a sign of accomplishment. I know that in writing thus broadly there is some injustice done to many modest masters of France. One painting by Jules Breton of "Les Moissoneurs" is really great, poetically and artistically. I pass by some others that deserve commendation, but then how many I avoid to cite that could only be mentioned with execration. Yes! honest eyes, indeed, there are in France who look with perfect bewilderment upon the rage among young men of England to turn from the individualism of their predecessors and the exquisite taste for human beauty in

English work, to acquire instead the trade of painting as it is taught in Paris. But the common critics, playing into the hands of French and Frenchified picture-dealers, are responsible, who have so cried up the *Croûtes* as to take away the fair chance of any English painter getting a living with the competition from abroad, unless he in some way will adopt the style. For this is a fact that is too much ignored, there is not demand enough in England for Art for her own sons ; not now even to keep the disappointed among foreigners from taxing the funds of the Benevolent Society; and many most capable English artists are driven from the opportunity of continuing their profession by the inroad of foreigners, amongst whom Americans would not be classed did they not first go to Paris and lose all the character of the common race by their training in denationalising mannerism. The Chinese soldier, after the storming of the Tekoa forts by the English, gave as his reason for the hasty flight of the defenders, " No two people stand in one place ; you come, we go." However righteous and valiant an army may be, there is no resistance possible after betrayal.

The ideals of Art are best shown by example. Men write about the matter too much without showing what they really mean, and so they darken counsel with words, like the celebrated critic Ruskin refers to, who, praising a landscape with quadrupeds in it, to justify their particular shape said they were not exactly sheep, nor cows, nor horses, but animals, as they should be. I have ventured to refer to the Duke of Marlborough's article because it so frankly and typically states his case that there could be no hesitation in the conclusion that he would be glad to have it as freely examined.

The true ideal of Art is the outcome of a spirit of love and reverence for Nature. It must be inexhaustible in its illustration of the variety and perfection of life and the world. Walt Whitman somewhat amusingly speaks of the true poet as being part of everything of vital force he meets with in his walks. He is just, for the poet must sympathise with all the earth, not like the passer-by, but as being part of himself, and he must give what his surroundings have taught him, as his own eyes show them, and as they affect the nature which with his fellows he inherits from his ancestors. Every great Art so far has been strictly national. It is by honest emula-

tion among different races that progress and culture is obtained, and the fact forms a great reason against Cæsarism in thought and invention. Every race is diverse in its nature, and each can only truly express its own. There are outside of this line large principles common to the aim of all nations. These are to be studied by the serious as of universal value, and the want of them must be condemned because no great Art has been destitute of them. If Art deals with the misfortunes and wickednesses of the human race, it must do so to illustrate the irrepressibleness of the soul of good fighting against evil, not as though it gloated over the vice. It may be humorous and jocular in turns to any extent. It is not forbidden by any means to represent the human figure of either sex, for these are the highest developments of creation, but this must not be done without the stamp of unquestionable purity of mind. Art may be connected with religion or morality, but this is not a necessity. Yet in "the making for righteousness" of destiny it must never work for the retarding of the onward action—for the taking us back to brutedom—under penalty of being a witness against itself when the judgment comes, showing that it never had claim to indulgence as an ennobling influence in its day. So far I would dogmatise, and no farther.

W. HOLMAN HUNT.

A MODEL CITY; OR, REFORMED LONDON.

III. A BIRD'S EYE VIEW.

IS it impossible to hope that something may be done to make London, as a whole, more attractive—not in the sense of drawing a greater number of labourers from the agricultural districts to its squalid labyrinths, nor greater troops of pleasure-seekers to its more fashionable quarters for a few weeks in each year; for in both these directions it has apparently an ever-increasing magnetic power—but attractive to its own citizens, to those who, by compulsion or choice, reside there for eleven, or even, as vast numbers do, for twelve months in the year? May we not hope that it will become a city in its outward aspect worthy of its position as the centre of the Empire, of which all, whether rich or poor, throughout the whole of its great expanse, may feel proud, and which shall minister to and encourage a sense of the beautiful even amongst the humblest?

That large parts of it must, under any conceivable scheme of improvement, be ugly, mean, and squalid cannot be avoided, for we can no more hope in our generation to turn such vistas of drearydom as Harley Street, Baker Street, and Eaton Place and the like into picturesque, beautiful, and interesting quarters, than we can expect to be without the endless dull lines of two-storeyed houses in Camberwell and other districts, in which dwell the average artisans, or the yet lower and more squalid districts of Whitechapel and Bethnal Green.

But there is no reason why London, when treated as a whole, should not have within easy reach of every part of it something to be proud of in respect of dignity and beauty, and at least the means

by which fresh air and sunlight—without which there can be no touch of beauty and little enjoyment of life—can penetrate.

That London has many elements of grandeur, and even beauty, no one who is not deeply prejudiced or stricken with blindness can deny. The Thames, from Chelsea to Greenwich, with its historic features of Lambeth, Westminster, the Temple, and the Tower; its architectural triumphs in the Houses of Parliament, Somerset House and Greenwich Hospital; its views of two such rivals as the Abbey of St. Peter and the Cathedral of St. Paul, and the noble cluster of classical spires surmounting Wren's churches; its bridges of such splendid proportions as those of Waterloo and London, and the noble Embankment, are a match, and perhaps more than a match, for anything that can be found in any city in the world for historic interest, architectural effect, and grandeur.

What city, also, has a more beautiful street approach than that by Pall Mall, Charing Cross, the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, and Cheapside, with the beautiful churches of St. Martin's-in-the Fields, St. Mary-le-Strand, St. Clement's, St. Paul's, and St. Mary-le-Bow? I know few drives in any city in Europe better worth taking than one on the top of an omnibus (by far the best, if not the only way of seeing London) by this route.

Then, again, in our parks, the prototypes of similar parks in almost every other city in the world, we have, including in the list Richmond, Bushey, Greenwich, and Kew, as well as those more central, every variety of natural and artificial landscape, combined with historic interest. In the suburbs, also, and well within the range of "Greater London," we have almost a zone of beautiful commons and open spaces, remaining to us as relics of a past agrarian system, where the wastes of manors, with their common of pasture and rights of turbary appendant or appurtenant in their tenants, have fortunately been preserved for the enjoyment of the public by a series of most important decisions in the law courts during the last twenty years. In the east of London we have Epping Forest, with 6,000 acres of sylvan scenery, and the old Lammas lands of London Fields, Hackney Downs, and Hackney Marshes; to the north, Hampstead Heath, with its recent great addition of Parliament Hill, and Worm-

wood Scrubbs; to the west, Clapham, Wandsworth, Wimbledon, Putney, Barnes, Tooting; to the south, Mitcham, Streatham, Blackheath, Peckham, Bostall, and Plumstead, and at a greater distance, Chislehurst and the breezy downs of Epsom and Banstead. Altogether, without counting Epping Forest and the parks, Royal or other, we have, within twelve miles of the centre of London, 60 commons, averaging 130 acres each, and 120 smaller open spaces, whether remnants of commons or quondam village greens, now swallowed up by the great city, averaging 10 acres each. To these open spaces, enjoyed freely by the public, there have been added of late years a great number of yet smaller spaces, disused burial grounds, now laid out as public gardens where people can sit and enjoy the air and sun, all the more valuable because they are generally situate in the more densely populated districts. There are also very numerous squares and gardens of a semi-private character, which are under such conditions of tenure that they can never be built over, but where the public have no right of access, and the enjoyment of which is limited to a privileged few. It is probable that we shall see before long most of these thrown open to the public, when a different opinion prevails as to the expediency of such selfish reservations for the few, for which there is no parallel in any other country.

Apart from these last, the open spaces are so numerous and of such an extent that few people can ever have seen all of them, and but for the fact that London in its wider sense, with a radius of twenty miles and a population of five millions, is a kingdom of itself, increasing yearly at a rate equal to a big city of one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, we should think it must be adequately supplied in this respect.

If, however, we had the laying-out afresh of London, we should certainly not be satisfied with these public parks and zones of commons in the suburbs, but we should insist upon many more small open spaces in the centres of population, and especially in the east of London, near to the homes of the poor, where the people might breathe fresh air, and which would act as lungs to the surrounding districts. It is, however, hopeless to expect that any land once built on can ever again be cleared of its buildings and made available to

the public for recreation. The cost of such an operation precludes its possibility. The best that can be hoped for in these districts is that broad avenues and boulevards may be made through them which will have the effect of open spaces in the sense at least of bringing light and fresh air to the population. Nothing, it is certain, would do more to create a sense of the unity of London, to bind its parts together, to ennoble and beautify it, and to add to its healthiness than to lay out a great scheme of a number of such broad boulevards, diverging from central London in all directions, leading direct into the country, and giving easy access to the commons already referred to, many of which are now difficult of access. The scheme should also provide for cross boulevards at certain distances, connecting different parts of London and joining together the main arteries leading outwards. If a great fire were to consume London, as was the case two centuries ago, affording the opportunity of laying it out with some unity of design, we should certainly not lose the chance, such as was then afforded, when Sir Christopher Wren suggested a number of broad streets, emanating from a central point: a scheme which, unfortunately, was then rejected by the authorities.

As it is, London has grown up in a kind of chaotic manner, without any unity of design, and at the chance discretion of any persons who were fortunate enough to own land, as it came into demand at successive periods for building operations. Sometimes a great landowner laid out a quarter in a manner to tempt a better class of residents by squares, gardens, or retired streets, often cut off from through traffic by gates and bars; but even in these cases London as a whole has not been thought of, and no main arteries have been provided for. In other and more frequent cases of small landowners the only design of builders has been to crowd upon the land as many streets and houses as possible, regardless of anything around them, and without open spaces or wide approaches. A careful examination of the map of London will show how absolutely wanting in any kind of plan has been its growth, and how little the convenience and wants of the whole population or other considerations of dignity and beauty have been consulted.

To rectify this, to connect London with its different parts, to

drive through its densely populated districts great arteries, so as to give unity to the whole and at the same time to bring light and air and the charm and beauty of avenues of trees within the reach of all, would be a task worthy of the present generation, and, though difficult, not, I venture to think, impossible.[1]

There are considerations which point to this being an easier task in London than in other great cities. In proportion to its population London covers a far larger area than any other city in Europe. Outside a limited area in its centre, the houses are generally low in height, and they have back yards or gardens of some extent. Many of them have also small strips of garden between them and the roadway. Everything also points to the probability that in the London of the future houses will be erected of much greater height, in order to economise space. By the use of lifts, houses of eight to ten, or even twelve, storeys are as convenient to their occupants, and have many advantages; for the higher the storey the better the air and the wider the view. These lofty houses, if erected with any regard to proportion, add much to the architectural features of the district. This may be illustrated by two immense buildings recently erected, the one a pile of residential chambers at Albert Gate, facing Hyde Park, of eleven storeys in height; the other, Whitehall Chambers, facing the Thames Embankment, also of very great height. Both these buildings, from their general proportions, great size, and their picturesque and varied sky lines, are exceedingly effective, and are ornaments to the Metropolis.* There must be a great economy of ground space in buildings of this height. It will, however, be impossible to allow such buildings to be erected in streets of the average London width, and for the purpose of their erection it will be necessary that many of our streets should be greatly widened.

Something has been done of late years to open out new streets, as in the case of Shaftesbury Avenue and Queen Victoria Street, and, at a somewhat earlier date, Victoria Street, Westminster, and Cannon Street. But none of these are of sufficient width to enable the erection of very lofty houses or to justify their being treated as

*As a contrast to these there is the monstrous erection at Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, of fourteen or fifteen storeys, of hideous proportion, and without a redeeming feature; it is an intolerable eyesore to the whole district.

boulevards or planted with trees. Shaftesbury Avenue is especially disappointing, for, in proportion to the size of the houses erected there and to the traffic attracted to it, it seems already to be inconveniently narrow. What a pity that the opportunity was lost of making a really broad and handsome artery for London!

For an effective boulevard in the sense I refer to, the width between the houses should be not less than 120ft., and better still, 150ft. With a roadway of 50ft. there would be room for footways of from 35ft. to 50ft. on either side, where a double row of trees could be planted. The streets in London of this width are not more than two or three. Whitehall, for a short distance, from the Admiralty to Parliament Street, has a width of 140ft. to 160ft., and when Parliament Street is widened, by the removal of the block of houses between it and King Street, the approach from Charing Cross to the Houses of Parliament will be a truly noble one, all the more beautiful from its not being a straight line. It might be planted in the manner referred to. The Thames Embankment is in many respects an admirable boulevard, but it gives the impression of narrowness and want of space. It was unduly contracted in deference to the private interests of the late Duke of Buccleuch and other private owners of houses along it, who claimed part of the land recovered from the river as gardens, a claim which was most unwisely conceded. Whitechapel Road is almost the only other street in London of sufficient width to be treated as a boulevard.

As regards possibilities in the future, attention has recently been directed to the case of the street which, under the different names of Cambridge Terrace, Marylebone Road, Euston Road, and the City Road, runs from Paddington to the City, a distance of nearly four miles. This road was laid out by a special Act of Parliament in the year 1756, across open fields, with the provision that no houses were to be erected within 50ft. of the highway on either side of it. The actual roadway and footways were no more than 50ft. in width, and between these and the houses there are long narrow strips of gardens or courts. Throughout the greater part of its length this road remains in the condition in which it was originally laid out, and it forms a lung of much importance to London, for the great distance between the houses enables the circulation of fresh air. When the Metro-

politan Board of Works was constituted, and an endeavour made to introduce order and uniformity into the management of London, the rule laid down by the Act of 1756 was applied generally, and though the Local Act was repealed, it was in the power of the Board, under the 25th and 26th Vic., cap. 102, to prevent the alignment of the houses, brought forward from end to end of this road. Unfortunately, the late Metropolitan Board, with inexcusable negligence and disregard of the interest of the public, consented to the owners of the houses, at various points, bringing forward their frontages up to the road and building upon the strips of gardens, in some cases a lower storey only, in others to the full height of their houses.

This will certainly not be permitted in the future by the London Council, and, fortunately, by far the greater length of this road has not been spoiled in this manner. It will be possible, therefore, by appropriating the strips of gardens on either side of the road, to lay out a splendid boulevard. A scheme to effect this has been worked out by a committee formed, at the suggestion of Mr. Robert Hunter, out of members of the Commons Preservation Society, the Kyrle Society, and the Metropolitan Playgrounds Society. The roadway, it is proposed, should consist of 60ft., and on either side of it and between the houses it is proposed that broad footways of 45ft. should be laid out with double rows of trees, the whole forming a splendid boulevard such as hardly exists in any city in Europe.

It is believed that the lessees of the houses on either side will welcome this treatment and will cheerfully surrender their gardens for the purpose of making this boulevard, in consideration of the great increase to the value of their houses for business purposes, which will arise from bringing the public footway close up to them. The narrow strips of gardens are now quite useless for enjoyment, and are only the cause of expense. The freeholders will equally find it their advantage to assent to the scheme in consideration of the increased value of their reversionary interests. It is possible that there may be some few objectors ; if so, it may become necessary to apply to Parliament for compulsory powers, and it will be contended, on the principle of betterment, that the compensation for the land taken for the scheme should be reduced to zero

by the increased market value of the houses resulting from the scheme.

In the case of the Euston Road it is believed that the effect of the proposed boulevard will be so admirable and so beneficial, not only to the public but to the owners of the houses, as to make it possible that it may be carried out also in those parts of the street where the lower storeys of the adjoining houses have been extended over the strips of gardens. It is hoped that the owners of these houses may be induced to withdraw their frontages, in part at least, in consideration of being permitted to carry the advanced alignment to the full height of the existing houses.

If a broad and beautiful boulevard can be laid out for the best part of four miles along the line thus indicated, without any cost to the ratepayers for the purchase of property, there can be little doubt that it will be the precursor of many others in other parts of London. There are very numerous streets where the same arrangements of narrow strips of gardens exist between the houses and the roadways which may hereafter be treated in the same way. Examples of this kind may be found in the Edgware Road, the Old Kent Road, and in many streets in Whitechapel and Stepney. It is proposed, therefore, by the committee to devise a general scheme of boulevards, radiating from the centre and communicating directly with the most important commons and parks in the suburbs, or leading into the country, with cross connections at intervals between these main arteries, so as to form encircling zones of boulevards. Whenever advantage can be taken of conditions similar to those in the Euston Road, of strips of gardens which may be thrown into the boulevard, it will be well to follow such route ; in other parts it may be well to strike a line along streets of small residential houses, which may be widened by putting back the houses on one side. It is by no means essential that these boulevards should be absolutely straight lines of uniform width. There are many illustrations to show that streets with a somewhat deviating course and of varying width are far more agreeable to the eye and more picturesque than those laid out with mathematical accuracy in a straight line.

It must be an essential feature of the scheme that the expense of the operation should be reduced to the lowest possible amount,

so as not to throw a great burthen on the ratepayers. It is not necessary to carry out the scheme in all parts at the same time; it may be spread over a term of years. Baron Haussmann's great schemes for the improvement of Paris were extended over more than twenty years. His chief merit was that he treated Paris as a whole; and that having conceived a great scheme of opening it out by a number of boulevards or avenues, he worked up to it by degrees.

It is only by working in the same way that any great improvement of London can be carried out. Having formed, then, such a scheme of boulevards, the next matter for consideration should be how to carry it out at the least cost to the ratepayers. I have already dealt with one possibility, that of utilising the strips of gardens where they exist. There are other possibilities. The condition of land tenure in London lends itself to schemes of improvement by the central authority, spread over many years. By far the greater part of it is built under a system of long leases, of which the remaining terms vary according to the dates of building. It is obvious that the ground landlord is master of the position when the leases come to an end and when the houses require to be rebuilt. The County Council, therefore, having approved and adopted a scheme of improvement in the direction of boulevards, should at once apply for Parliamentary powers to take the ground landlords' interests along the proposed lines. If the leases have forty or fifty years to run, the price payable for their interests will probably be not more than thirty years' purchase of the rents, and as the Council can borrow money on the same terms there would be no present loss of income by the purchase. Having thus acquired the freeholds, the Council could afford to allow the leases to shorten by the lapse of time or to expire, and would after a time be in a paramount position to make terms with the leaseholders on renewal of the leases, in the direction of withdrawing their frontages on rebuilding, and would also derive the full advantage in the end of an increased value to the frontages of the widened road.

Another possibility in the same direction is the extension to London generally of a provision contained in a special Act referring to the City only, known as Michael Angelo Taylor's Act, under

which the owners of houses fronting a street, which it is desired to widen, are forbidden to make any addition or improvement to their houses, or to rebuild them without withdrawing their frontages to the desired line of the widened street; in such cases the local authority is required to pay compensation for the land thus thrown into the street, not upon the basis of the value of the frontage, but upon the value of the land at the back of the premises, which must necessarily be very inferior. Under this Act many streets in the City have been widened at a small cost compared to what would have been the case if the authorities had been compelled to buy the frontages. There should be added a further provision, based upon the principle of betterment, that, in assessing the value of the land thus acquired for widening the street, regard should be had to the increased value of the new frontage by the widened road and by the power of erecting houses of greater height.

Above all things, in carrying out such a scheme, equal or even more consideration should be given to the poorer parts of London in the east or south than to the better favoured and more residential parts. The radiating lines of boulevards and their connecting zones should be more frequent in these districts than elsewhere. They should be regarded not so much from the point of view of traffic as of health and beauty, by opening out unhealthy districts and enabling the circulation of pure air and the access of sunlight. It may well be that the scheme might be combined with some effort for the better housing of working people, in buildings erected along the lines of such boulevards, of which the lowest storeys should be shops, and above them lofty buildings laid out in flats for families of artisans. It has been suggested that such blocks might have a common chimney, where the smoke might be abated, and that the tops of the buildings might be laid out in terraces and even gardens.

It would at least be worth while to try an experiment in this direction and to strike out a new line. These boulevards would be broad enough for double lines of tramways, which would communicate with the suburbs or with the commons. They would form the sites, also, for local public buildings, such as museums, libraries, post-offices, &c., with architectural elevations. Much

will depend upon the success of the first effort in this direction. If it is found that without any very great expense the Euston Road can be converted into a really beautiful and noble boulevard, public opinion will be enlisted in behalf of a great extension of the scheme, and with a strong force of public opinion much may be done which may now seem to be impossible.

Nothing, it is certain, would so much contribute to the idea of the unity of London, and at the same time to create a sense of pride and rivalry in its various districts. It has been the fashion of the present generation to disparage London; and certainly the wealthy classes and its great landowners have done little or nothing to beautify or ennoble it, and, while content to draw from it great revenues and to earn great fortunes in it, have considered that they owe nothing to it as citizens. This was not the case in past times. In olden times the wealthy classes, the merchants of the City, showed a very strong sense of citizenship, and were most liberal in their benefactions. London also attracted to itself and delighted and inspired our greatest of poets and writers, almost without exception. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope among the poets—Bacon, Defoe, Fielding, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Dickens, Thackeray, Macaulay, and Carlyle among prose writers, were, or became, thorough Londoners. It is the mere affectation of the moment to depreciate London.

The creation of a central governing Council has been a first and great step towards this. It is already producing its effect upon individuals, for there have been of late many indications of a new spirit of munificence. Two picture galleries, at a cost of nearly £100,000 each, given by anonymous donors, parks such as those dedicated by Sir Sydney Waterlow, Dulwich College, and Sir T. M. Wilson, and £50,000 subscribed for the acquisition of Parliament Hill, are good evidences of the sense of obligation of the wealthy to London, which has been developed during the last three or four years, and which will certainly lead to many imitators in the future.

It should be recollected also how rapidly London changes under the hands of successive generations. It might be supposed that no erections would be of so permanent a character as bridges, but, in fact, all the existing bridges across the Thames have been

erected—most of them in substitution for older bridges—within the present century, and in the memory of many living men. Within even more recent times there have been constructed all the great railways which penetrate into London, and which have been the cause of so much of ugliness. The Thames Embankment is also of recent construction.

The Clubs, the public buildings in Whitehall, the Law Courts, the Museums in South Kensington are all modern buildings; the great hotels, so striking a feature in modern London, are even more recent creations. Within the last thirty years the City has practically been rebuilt. All the buildings on the Thames Embankment (few of them really worthy of such a site) have been erected in the last ten years. The buildings and churches dating from before the present century are comparatively few in number, though they are of incomparably greater beauty than those of more recent times.

What has happened in the last half-century will probably happen again in the next. London will be continually passing through a process of reconstruction. What is required is that this process should be facilitated and directed to some extent by the central authority representing the people in the interest of the health and well-being of all, and with a view to the general sense of what is noble and beautiful.

In order to effect this the London Council should be urged to adopt a general and far-reaching scheme for the improvement of their dominion, and, having formed an ideal, then steadily to pursue it over a period of years as opportunities may best occur, never losing an occasion of pushing onward, and of overcoming the difficulties in their way. They must learn to work with the individual ambition and efficacy of a Haussmann to a certain and definite end. It is by such means that London may yet hope to become as far superior to other cities in Europe in its aggregate of all that contributes to the health of its people, and that ministers to their sense of grandeur and beauty, as it is in population and wealth, and in its unbroken line of tradition and historic interest.

G. SHAW-LEFEVRE.

STRAY MEMORIES.

(Continued.)

IN the year —— I forget the date—the old Soho Theatre in Dean Street was swept and garnished by a crowd of foreign workmen. It was rechristened "The Royalty Theatre," and a very dainty little French lady became the manageress. Madame Albina de Rhona—for that was the name of the lady—gave me an engagement, and it was at this theatre I had my first experience of what is called "stage fright." Why it should have come upon me at that especial time, when I had already taken part in so many performances, I cannot imagine, but come upon me it certainly did, and I shall remember the feeling, I think, to my dying day. I never see a young actress make her first appearance without a feeling of great sympathy. Stage fright is like nothing else in the world. You are standing there apparently quite well, and in your right mind, when you suddenly feel as if your tongue had become dislocated and was lying powerless in your mouth. Cold shivers begin to creep downwards from the nape of your neck and all up you at the same time, until they seem to meet in the small of your back. About this time you feel as if a centipede, all of whose feet had been carefully iced, had begun to run about in the roots of your hair. Your next agreeable sensation is the breaking out of a cold perspiration all over you. Then you feel as though somebody had cut the muscles at the back of your knees; your mouth begins slowly to open without giving utterance to a single sound, and your eyes seem inclined to jump out of your head over the footlights. At this period it is as well to get off the stage as quickly as possible, you are far beyond the hope of any human help. Whether everybody suffers in this manner or not I cannot say, but such were the feelings which over-

mastered me one memorable evening when I was playing a small part in a piece called *The Governor's Wife*. Looking back now over a good many years, I shrewdly suspect I had not taken sufficient pains to get "word-perfect," and, if so, I fully deserved the torture I went through. I had just strength and sense enough to drag myself off the stage and seize hold of a book, with which, after a few moments, I reappeared and ignominiously read my part. I am thankful to say that I no longer, as may be expected, suffer from this fearsome malady, but whenever I have to play a new part, for days beforehand I feel as though every nerve in my body was dancing an independent jig on its own account. Whether Madame de Rhona boxed my ears or not on the occasion I can't remember, but I think it's most likely she did, for she was a quick-tempered, bright, energetic little woman, full of vivacity and enthusiasm, ready at one moment to fly into a perfect fury and at the next to overwhelm you with compliments and adulation.

When I first acted before her she danced about the stage and around me in a perfect frenzy of anger at what she was pleased to call my stupidity, and she nearly frightened the wits out of me; then something I did suddenly pleased her, and she overwhelmed me with compliments and praise. After a little time this became the order of the day, and I eventually grew fond of her, for not only was she very kind-hearted, but she won my youthful affections by the compliments she poured upon me. As a friend of mine says, "gross flattery" has always been, and still is, "quite good enough for me." It was to her generosity, moreover, that I owed the first piece of jewellery I ever possessed, a pretty little brooch, which, with characteristic carelessness, I promptly lost. I admired her, too, very much. She was a wee thing—like a toy—and her dancing, and the way in which she moved her hands and arms and feet was so precise, "express and admirable." Despair entered my soul when I looked at my own big limbs and thought "how long and gaunt I am, and what a pattern of prim prettiness she is." So in order to get rid of my big hands I would tuck them up under my arms!—then she would call out that I looked like "an ugly young *poulet* trying to roost"! However, this elegant habit I maintained until years and

years after, and was only broken of it at last by a friend saying he supposed I had very ugly hands. That did me good, and out they came, to prove they were not so *very* ugly after all. Vanity often succeeds where remonstrance fails.

A piece called *Attar Gull* was played during my engagement at the Royalty, and I remember now with vivid satisfaction the applause I received for a certain "screaming scene" in which I played. It was an effective situation. I have no very vivid recollection of the piece. I was supposed to have a great horror of snakes, and for some reason or other it was necessary to cure me of this disgust. One of my Indian attendants was ordered to place a dead snake in my room. Out of revenge, he substitutes a live reptile. I appear at a window with the beast round my neck, screaming fearfully. The spectators on the stage think the snake is dead and can do me no harm, but in reality it is slowly strangling me. I commenced screaming in a frantic, heartrending manner, and continued screaming, each cry surpassing in intensity and agony the last. This used to bring down the house, and I was told by Madame de Rhona I had made a great effect. Ah! how sweet and pleasant the flattering words sounded in my young and inexperienced ears.

After this "screaming success" I drifted to Bristol, for my sister Kate was playing an engagement in the city, and I acted with her. Mr. Chute was the manager, and he had a splendid company. Miss Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal) was there (I was much struck at that time by her voice—her singing voice—it was beautiful), Miss Henrietta Hodson (Mrs. Labouchere now), Mr. Arthur Wood (an admirable comedian), the Messrs. William and George Rignold, Miss Kate Bishop, and Mr. Coghlan, who was acting magnificently at that time, and dressing each of his characters so correctly and so perfectly that most of the audience did not understand it; for instance, he played the small part of Glavis in *The Lady of Lyons*, and looked a picture of the fop of the period—the long straggling hair, the high cravat, the eyeglass, the bows, jags and tags, *and the manner!*—all a perfect study. But that was some time ago, it was not understood, and the people laughed at his quaint dress!

This Bristol engagement was excellent practice for me, for we

played all things—Tragedy, Comedy, Farce, and Burlesque—my share being the second parts to my sister Kate—Nerissa, Hero, and so forth in Shakespeare's plays, and all sorts of odds and ends in the other plays. Burlesque, too! Of course I said I couldn't dance, I could not sing, but I was told I *had* to! and I did, in a way—it was a funny way—but it was the best thing that could happen to me, for it took the self-consciousness out of me, and after a while I thought it was capital fun, for the Bristol and Bath people were very kind. My sister and I, together with Henrietta Hodson, became great favourites, and we were petted, spoiled, and applauded to our hearts' content.

When we left Bristol we came back to London engagements—my sister to the Lyceum Theatre, under M. Fechter's management, where she played a round of characters incomparably, and I to the Haymarket Theatre, with Mr. Buckstone.

I consider this engagement one of my lost opportunities that I would give much to find again! I fear I learnt but little here. I played in many plays. Hero in *Much Ado About Nothing*, Lady Touchwood in *The Belle's Stratagem*. In this comedy Miss Louisa Angell played Letitia Hardy; and I wondered if *I* ever should. I just "*wondered*," and that was all. I never felt jealous of other girls playing better parts. I think that was somewhat peculiar. Perhaps I was not ambitious, that was the reason I am sure, for to this day I only care to do my work well, and cannot even think or desire for to-morrow. It was at the Haymarket Theatre I first met Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Compton (he always *walked* to and from to the theatre, no matter what the weather), and dear old Mr. Howe. In *The Little Treasure* Mr. Howe played my father, and Mr. Sothern my lover. Somehow, I never could like Mr. Sothern. I admired him, but he teased me, and whilst I was acting pulled my hair, which I wore hanging down my back, and made me forget my part and look like an idiot. It was his fun, of course—but I was dull and could see no fun at all. I was then fifteen years old, and my sense of humour was not cultivated, I suppose. In the same play how much I did enjoy acting the scenes with my "father," Mr. Howe. How the big tears rolled down his kind old face, and how I cried too. Oh, we *did* so enjoy it!

An old actor once said to me, "Never leave your stage effects to *chance*, my child, but *rehearse*, and find out all about it." As illustration of the truth of this I must tell of an incident which occurred whilst I was playing at the Haymarket. The play was *The Rivals*—my part in it, Julia. I think I could play it well *now*, I certainly played it very ill *then*. It fell to my lot to finish the play—to, what is called, "speak the tag." Now, it has been for centuries, I believe, a superstition amongst actors that *at rehearsal* one must never "speak the tag," or else the speaker will be "unlucky." So at rehearsal I did *not* say the last few lines—I just said "Mum, mum, mum"! And when the first night came, instead of dropping my voice with the last word in the conventional and proper manner, I ended with an upward inflexion! The consternation this little innovation produced! The prompter was so astonished he thought there was something more to be said, and did not give "the pull" for the curtain to come down. So it remained up, during a horrid pause!—until Mr. Buckstone, who was very deaf, not understanding what had happened, exclaimed in a very audible voice: "Eh! eh! Why the devil doesn't the curtain come down?" I should advise all *young* people to rehearse the tag and take the chance of being "unlucky." Miss Louise Keeley (Mrs. Montagu Williams) was at the Haymarket Theatre whilst I was there, and I liked her very much. She was always so merry and kind. One evening the Prince and Princess of Wales were in the Royal box—I think it was the very first time they had appeared at a theatre after their marriage. They sat rather far back in the box, the ladies and gentlemen of their suite occupying the front seats. The play was a sort of fairy play. Miss Keeley, dressed as a youth, sang a song, and as she sang she brought forward by the hand some well-known characters in fairy fiction—Cinderella, Little Boy Blue, Jack and Jill, introducing them to the audience. One verse of the song ran:—

"Here's the Prince of Happy Land,
Once he dwelt at the Lyceum;
Here's another *Prince* in hand,
But being *Invisible* you can't see him."

Such a scene! In one moment the audience grasped the situation

—I suppose they thought the lines were impromptu. Everyone, in stalls, boxes, circles, pit, and gallery, stood up and cheered and cheered again. Such excitement! The action of the play was stopped, and the cheers grew louder and louder, until our Prince (the "Invisible"-until-then-Prince) came forward in his box, and bowed in acknowledgment of one of the heartiest of the many loyal greetings it has often warmed my heart to listen to. *That* was a point in the play which Miss Keeley never made so much of before or after that night!

In the middle of the run of *Lord Dundreary*, in which I played—vilely—Mary Meredith, I left the stage altogether for a little while—I think a year—and when I returned to work, it was Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan who offered me an engagement, and I played in a piece called *The Double Marriage*, by Charles Reade, at the Queen's Theatre. There I acted with Mr. Charles Wyndham, Miss Hodson, Miss Fanny Addison, and —— I forget, and have no references by me. Mrs. Wigan was very kind and took a deal of pains about me. I think she liked me very much. She was a very, very clever stage-manager, and teacher of acting, and she played comedy marvellously. As Mrs. Candour she was absolute perfection. When she moved a finger or turned an eye it *told* so; it was all done with such effect. She told it all twice over, as it were—first the eloquent gesture as she *thought*, and then the words followed. Nothing escaped observation, although she did everything so very quietly. How hard she tried to see the value of *repose*. She would watch me at rehearsal and suddenly call out to me, "Now *stand still!*" In a few moments more, "Stop! motionless—just as you are."

Oh, my lost opportunities! I wish I had tried to learn more from her—but

"Some achieve foolishness, but *some are born fools!*"

Now came a great event in my life, for Mr. Irving came to the theatre, and we acted together for the first time. But, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling says: "That's another story!"

ELLEN TERRY.

EXERCISE AND TRAINING.

Part II.

COMING now to what preachers call the application of the text, the practical bearing of what has been said about exercise in the previous article may be briefly pointed out. For this purpose it will be convenient to follow man in the "order of his going" through childhood, adolescence, maturity, and old age—the four principal stages of his journey from the cradle to the grave.

In the child the physiological craving for movement shows itself with the unrestrained freedom of the natural animal. If a healthy baby is allowed to have free play for its limbs it will go through a series of improvised acrobatic performances, twisting its limbs and turning them into knots that might excite the envy of a professional "contortionist." It is an excellent plan to give an infant perfect muscular freedom for some time every day; it should be disencumbered of any superfluous clothing and laid on a rug or some soft material on the floor and allowed to kick and throw itself about to its heart's content. On the general principle, apparently, that every natural tendency is a prompting of the evil spirit, it used to be the universal custom to restrain the movements of infants' limbs by swathing them in innumerable bandages, as if they were diminutive mummies. With the eager life within them thus "cabin'd, cribbed, confined," the poor little things must have been mere bundles of helpless misery, and in many cases must have been dwarfed in their growth, if not deformed. The more enlightened among the doctors fulminated against the practice for centuries, but in that, as in most other things, medical

wisdom cried out in the streets and no man regarded it. It needed the genius of Rousseau to persuade the more civilised part of the world of the senseless cruelty of tight swaddling clothes, and even at this day his teaching has not entirely prevailed. Any traveller in Italy, Spain and some parts of France can see for himself that infantile hygiene is still in the semi-barbarous stage. One effect of the "trussing" of the limbs in infancy may be observed in the crowds of cripples and misshapen creatures that one sees round the doors of churches in the South. Nothing strikes the "intelligent foreigner" in England more than the high standard of physical development and the comparative rarity of deformity in the bulk of our population. When staying at hotels abroad I have often noticed the admiration aroused among the natives by the superior size and strength of my juvenile countrymen. One reason of this excellence of physique undoubtedly is that the British baby is from the first allowed an amount of liberty in the use of his limbs befitting the future citizen of a free country.

As the child grows older the boisterousness with which it romps may be taken as a pretty sure index of its state of health. Mr Herbert Spencer speaks with a sympathetic insight which was hardly to be expected from a philosopher—and moreover, I believe I may add a bachelor—of the torture which it is to a healthy child to "sit still." Wordsworth is a physiologist as well as a poet when he says that a child "feels its life in every limb." But by long continued confinement and restraint—that is, by being made to live under totally unnatural conditions—this wholesome exuberance of vitality may be lost and give place to listlessness and even positive dislike of play. Dr. Fernand Lagrange, who has written a valuable work on exercise in childhood,* says that for years past alarm has been felt by those charged with the education of the young in France, "because children have lost the taste for exercise." This he attributes entirely to the sinister predominance of the schoolmaster in modern child life. The denial of Nature's rights in respect of play is followed by an unfailing Nemesis in the form of ill-health, or what is perhaps still worse, by gradual adaptation to

* *L'Hygiène de l'Exercice chez les Enfants et les jeunes Gens.* (Félix Alcan: Paris. 1890.)

circumstances, leading to a joyless childhood, a flabby, languid youth, a stunted, stagnant maturity, and a premature old age. In the French *lycées* the bad effects, moral and physical, of insufficient exercise are writ so large as to strike the most indifferent eye. It would be wonderful if it were otherwise, seeing that the only playground the poor boys have to disport themselves in is an enclosure about as cheerful as the yard of a prison, and in this for a few minutes in the day they toil through a set gymnastic task as enlivening as the treadmill.

In English schools of a corresponding class things are very different, but, as regards the lower *couches sociales*, is not the schoolmaster too much with us also? In our devouring zeal for the gospel of the three R's we are apt to forget that, as Mr. Herbert Spencer puts it, "The first requisite for success in life is to be a good animal." This is a much more important matter both for the present rising generation and for the future of our race than the precocious passing of "standards" and the earning of capitation grants for teachers. To my mind, the physical education of our children is one of the most urgent questions of the day, and it is one which might well engage the attention of our legislators if they could spare a little time from their exciting game of "I'm the King of the Castle." If a small fraction of the attention that is given to the rearing of cattle were given to the bringing up of children, Walt Whitman's prophetic vision of a nation of "forty millions of magnificent persons" would be in a fair way of being realised. We have a Minister of Agriculture whose duty it is to see that the four-footed commonwealth sustains no detriment; why should there not be a Minister of Hominiculture, charged with the development of the national resources in respect of that not altogether valueless product, man? The "perfectibility" of the human race depends much more on physical than on mental culture; for intellect, energy of will, and strength of moral fibre are largely dependent on sound bodily health.

How, then, are children to be made "good animals"? By the fullest possible development of their bodily powers. How is this development to be compassed? Adapting Danton's famous saying, I answer, By exercise, by exercise, and yet again by exercise.

There can be no dispute about this; the only question is as to the form and amount of the exercise. The period of childhood may be taken as extending from the age of two or three years up to puberty. Now, what is wanted at this stage is not so much the acquisition of muscular strength or skill as a solid foundation of general health. In childhood exercise should be almost exclusively general or *hygienic;* indeed, I am inclined to think that the less purely local or *athletic* exercise a growing child has the better it will be, not only for its constitution, but for its future muscular development. Very young children should be encouraged to run about, to trundle hoops, or, if at the seaside, to build castles, &c., on the sand—in short, to play and romp instead of dawdling. Walking about with a nursemaid, who possibly takes more interest in infantry than in infants, can hardly be amusing, and may be extremely fatiguing to her little charges. In the way of systematic exercise for young children there is nothing better than the Kindergarten movements; the fact that they are done in company with other children, and often to the accompaniment of song, assimilates these little drills to games and lessens the danger of their being looked upon as tasks. For older children no methodical exercise, however scientifically arranged, can compare with the boisterous outdoor games which bring every muscle into play, lash the heart into a gallop, and make the vital bellows—the lungs—blow the fire of life into a glow. The excitement of the game is what doctors would call its "active principle," for gladness is the best of all tonics. Even the shouting, however it may vex the ears of "tough seniors," is in itself an important element in the exercise, as it brings the lungs and the muscles of the chest and throat into vigorous action.

It is a melancholy fact, however, that, as Mr. Walter Besant pointed out some years ago, neither the children nor the young people of the lower classes—in London, at any rate—really know how to play; and I am afraid that neither the People's Palace nor the teaching of Toynbee Hall philanthropists has done much to remedy this state of things. It is to be hoped that the London Playing-fields Committee, which was formed about a year ago for the purpose of providing facilities for cricket and other games for

shopmen and other toilers, may do something also for the children of the slums, who in their crowded courts have nothing better than "tip-cat" or "hop-scotch" to amuse themselves with. In France, as M. Lagrange tells us, games have almost fallen into oblivion, even among the children of the well-to-do. In Belgium some years ago open-air games had become a lost art, and a movement was set on foot by some enlightened educational reformers to teach children to play! So well have the games answered that gymnastic apparatus, trapezes, &c., have now all but disappeared from Belgian schools. The result is that "the children are straighter, stronger, and more gay," the last point being, even as regards health, just as important as the others. In the United States physical culture is also beginning to be made a part of the ordinary school curriculum. At Boston Dr. Edward M. Hartwell has just been appointed Doctor of Physical Training in the public schools at a salary of 3,000dol. a year, and the Ling or Swedish system of exercises is being introduced into many American schools. Muscular drill is not quite the same thing as games; but, as Sir Thomas More said, "Marry, it is somewhat." I believe it would add immensely to the usefulness of Board schools as nurseries of efficient citizens if, as is the case in the public schools of Belgium, their teaching staff included a *Professeur de Jeux*. It would be no loss to the community if a few of the 'ologies with which the brains of poor little starvelings are at present forced into premature exhaustion were sacrificed to make room for the sound physical and moral training supplied by well-ordered play.

Among the upper classes, thanks to the somewhat excessive precautions against "over-pressure" taken in our public schools and universities, the *studiosa juventus* of this country gives at least as much time and attention to the cultivation of its muscles as to that of its brain. It is this early physical training that makes the members of that class of society politely termed "barbarians" by Matthew Arnold as superior in body as they are often inferior in mind to those who have to bear the yoke of life from their childhood. Parents are sometimes unwilling to allow their children to share in the games of their companions—especially football—from fear of accidents. On this subject I cannot do better than quote

the words of Dr. Clement Dukes, whose medical experience of schoolboys, as physician to Rugby for many years, is probably unrivalled. "If," he says, with regard to football, "twenty years' experience at the very birthplace of this much-abused game, played three or four times every week in winter—and very warm games sometimes, owing to the rivalry between houses for the glory of being 'cock-house'—counts for anything, it ought to make parents and doctors consider the matter more thoughtfully. I have never yet had one serious accident from football—no accident more severe than I have had from cricket, house runs, steeplechases, swimming baths, gymnasiums, and above all, by-play. If the game were always played by boys the outcry against football must cease." Dr. Dukes, however, while insisting that no boy should be admitted into a public school who cannot take his part in games, and severely blaming the too complaisant doctors who sign certificates of unfitness simply to please timid mothers, lays stress on the necessity of separating the small boys from the big ones, and letting them play by themselves. Much of the danger of outdoor games, and much of the dislike felt for them by many boys, arises from the custom which is or used to be prevalent at certain public schools of making the smaller boys of nine or ten join in football or cricket with young sons of Anak of eighteen or nineteen. With regard to girls, I agree with Mrs. Garrett Anderson that a Winchester, a Charterhouse, and a Rugby are wanted for them as well as for their brothers. With one or two exceptions (among which I should certainly number football and cricket) girls can play at the same games as boys, and they should be encouraged and, unless physically unfit, compelled to do so. Gymnastics should not, I think, be attempted by girls before the age of twelve or thereabouts, and then they should be carefully adapted to the child's powers and should be pursued under the supervision of an experienced medical adviser. Marching and wheeling, practice with light dumb-bells and staves, &c., especially if the manœuvres are gone through to the accompaniment of music, are particularly suited to young girls. They give grace and precision to the movements, while developing the strength.

Adolescence extends from puberty (about fourteen) to twenty-

three or thereabouts; strictly speaking, it reaches to twenty-five, as the growth cannot be considered complete till then. There are two easily distinguishable periods in adolescence, the first of which may be called the maturity of boyhood, while the second is the dawn of manhood. In the former the conditions and limitations of exercise are much the same as for the pre-puberty period. They resolve themselves into this: Plenty of exercise, no training. While the body is in active growth all the vital energy seems concentrated on the process of development. There is no storing up of reserve force, as in adult life; every atom of material is immediately used up in meeting the wants of the growing organism. Exercise, whether in games or in gymnastic manœuvres, is useful as helping the due performance of the vital functions, but anything like fatigue is most injurious.

In estimating the dangers of any particular kind of exercise it is not the Heraclidæ but the ordinary sons of men who must form the basis of any general formula. The weaker lads are often tall, growth having outrun general development, and in their case violent and prolonged muscular exercise should not be permitted till the frame is sufficiently consolidated to bear the expenditure of nervous and vital energy which it entails. From twenty to thirty it matters little what kind of exercise is taken so long as it is sufficient without being excessive. For men who live in towns it is often very important to obtain the maximum amount of exercise in a relatively short time, and in such cases a gallop for an hour or even three-quarters of an hour answers the purpose well. Fencing, however, is perhaps the most effective form of concentrated exercise, but it has the disadvantage of exercising the right side of the body much more than the left, and thus in some cases producing a slight deviation from perfect symmetry. Rowing, or rather sculling, is perhaps the most perfect form of exercise for young men and girls, for nearly all the muscles of the body are brought into play with the exception of those passing from the front of the chest to the arm. In young persons with a tendency to phthisis or asthma I have many times seen sculling effect a complete cure. During the period of adolescence gymnastics under a competent instructor are often of the most signal service, especially to young

people who are naturally awkward or otherwise physically backward.

I need not dwell upon the necessity of exercise for women further than to say that competent authorities look upon it as the best safeguard against certain diseases peculiar to their sex, the enormous prevalence of which at the present day is no doubt in great measure due to the physical indolence which many of them have been taught to consider as a grace rather than a defect—I had almost said a vice. In view of this it is satisfactory to learn that the Ladies' Berkely Athletic Club, founded little more than a year ago in New York, should already have become a flourishing "institution." I may say here that I think it is a mistake for women to aim directly at the development of muscle; the Venus of Milo, not the half-masculine Amazon, must always be the type of physical perfection for them. Their exercise should, therefore, be chiefly *hygienic* rather than *athletic*. A great French anatomist, Cruveilhier, was ungallant enough to say that whatever women might learn to do they never could succeed in running gracefully. Candour compels me to say that I think the indictment true, but that and throwing the cricket ball are about the only things which they cannot do with twice the grace and nearly all the strength of men.

In early manhood and at that variable period which is known as the "prime of life" the object must be to keep as much as one possibly can of the stamina acquired in the days when the Blue Ribbon of the athlete seemed the only thing worth living for. A man cannot expect to maintain his "condition" under the storm and stress of active life; he must be satisfied with having laid a foundation of physical strength which will make his subsequent life happier, longer, and more useful than it would otherwise have been. His delight in, and capacity for, most forms of exercise will continue unabated for many years past the age (forty-six) fixed by the Romans as the limit of enlistment. Those requiring elasticity of the bones will be given up first; football is a dangerous anachronism after five-and-twenty. Those calling for swiftness of foot will be surrendered next, and the sacrifice is made easier by increasing weight of body and stiffness of limb. In the borderland

between youth and middle age many men are apt to exceed in the matter of exercise, possibly from unwillingness to acknowledge that cruel Time is beginning to claw them in his clutch; for them, therefore, a little of what Dr. Johnson would have called "sufflamination" will often be required. On the other hand, those on whom middle age has stamped its mark, whose "wind" is like woman's love (according to Hamlet), and whose waistcoat is beginning to yield to circumstances, have as it were to be driven to the stake of physical exertion.

The amount and kind of exercise required by people between forty and fifty depend largely on individual peculiarities. There are, however, certain definite standards by which the amount of physical work done in different kinds of exercise can be accurately estimated. It is calculated that an ordinary labourer does work which is the equivalent of lifting from 300 to 400 tons one foot in a working day, and Professor Haughton reckons that a man walking on a nearly level surface at the rate of about three miles an hour expends as much force as would raise one-twentieth part of the weight of his body through the distance walked. Now, supposing a man weighs 11st. 6lb., or 160lb., in his clothes, in walking a mile he would raise 8lb. one mile, or 18·86 tons one foot; if he walked six miles at the same rate he would have raised 113 tons one foot. This would represent a fair standard of exercise for a healthy man of fifty years of age; if younger he should do rather more, if older he might do less.

I have already pointed out that riding is an excellent "pemmican," or concentrated essence of exercise; but it is especially in middle life that Sydenham's aphorism holds, that the outside of a horse is the best thing for the inside of a man. Steady going, however, ought to be the rule, and a Bishop's cob is the ideal mount after fifty, except in the case of hunting men who are as much at home in the saddle as other folks are in a bath-chair. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who, it must not be forgotten, is a doctor, and even an ex-professor of anatomy, as well as a charming writer, speaks with almost Pindaric enthusiasm of riding, during which the liver "goes up and down like the dasher of a churn in the midst of the other vital arrangements," while "the brains also are shaken up

like coppers in a money-box." Perhaps the mutual collision of brain cells and "higher centres" may be as stimulating to the intellect as the "shock of minds" in debate. For those who cannot afford horse exercise there is the tricycle, which, as the means of exercise for the middle-aged, has a great future before it. Dr Oscar Jennings, an English physician practising in Paris, has written a book (*La Santé par le Tricycle*) in which he tells how he diminished his circumference, which was beginning to give signs of Falstaffian possibilities, and evicted a host of infirmities by cycling alone without any other forms of exercise. Then there is golf, an ideal game for those whose names are no longer in the scroll of youth, but but with writers like Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. Andrew Lang to hymn its praises it needs no additional *vates sacer*. To sum up, middle-aged people between, say, thirty-five and fifty-five, or sixty, should ride or cycle one hour or walk two hours every day. These exercises may be varied if the opportunity offers by rowing or fencing, but I do not as a rule recommend men over fifty to swim long distances, or, indeed, in these latitudes, to remain for more than a few minutes in the water. I cannot conclude my remarks on middle age without an emphatic word of warning as to the dangerous mistake that is often made by men who rush off to Wales or Switzerland after a year of exhausting brainwork, insufficient exercise, and too probably overfeeding, and straightway proceed to climb the first hillside they come to, or take long fatiguing walks, thus passing at once from a long period of repose to violent exertion with muscles flabby from disuse and a heart utterly unprepared for any sudden call. Can we wonder at the result that often follows? For those over forty-five there can be no doubt that the best view of a mountain is from its foot. Of course a practised mountaineer like Professor Tyndall, whose muscles have been hardened by many years of climbing, may continue the exercise with impunity up to a comparatively advanced age, but such cases cannot safely be taken as examples by mere "men of mould."

We pass next to old age, and the first question that meets us is: When does old age begin? Some men are old at forty, whilst others may almost be said to be young at eighty. A man is just as old as his tissues, particularly those of his heart and brain, and

there are octogenarians who for mental and even physical volatility might be their own grandsons.

The secret of such perpetual youth lies mostly in regular exercise, whether in felling trees or in the humbler form of the daily "constitutional." Even when life has at last fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, exercise of a kind and amount suited to the "shrunk shanks," stiff joints, brittle bones, and other evidences of senility will keep the furnace of the vital locomotive aglow long after others less carefully stoked have paled their ineffectual fires. But this can only be done (to continue the metaphor) by slackening speed and reducing pressure. If old men will jump hedges as in their salad days they will not improbably do so to a musical accompaniment of snapping thigh bones. If they run to catch trains, their hearts are extremely likely to mark their sense of such an outrage by stopping work; Dr. Hammond, a distinguished American physician, has collected seventy cases which have occurred in one city during the last ten years of men dying suddenly from running after street cars.

If a man has ridden all his life, he may continue to do so as long as he can sit a horse, otherwise this exercise is too violent for the aged. The "constitutional" is unquestionably the sheet anchor of old age so far as exercise is concerned. I need say nothing more about it than that each walk should be taken with a definite purpose, if it is only to set one's watch by a particular clock. To have an object of some kind makes all the difference between wholesome exercise and the listless dragging about of the dead weight of one's own body which makes walking one of the most fatiguing as well as the dreariest of all forms of motion.

To sum up the whole subject, the golden rule for exercise, through all the seven chapters of man's strange eventful history, is to use it so that the stream of life shall flow swift and clear, never stagnating like a muddy pond, and, on the other hand, never dashing itself to pieces in mere foam and fury.

In the next article I shall deal with "Training," to which these papers on exercise have been introductory.

MORELL MACKENZIE.

"OUR NEIGHBOUR."

HOW many fateful years have rolled on in their steady, though not uniform, course since the lawyer, "willing to justify himself," elicited from Divine lips that parable which remains to all generations at once an example of, and an exhortation to, Christian action among Christian brethren. And in view of all that is being said, written, and done, every day of this restless, feverish epoch, does not the consideration of the few but graphic Scriptural lines which bring this time-old picture so vividly before us naturally suggest to us the query, How, after so long an interval, have *we* learnt to recognise and deal with Our Neighbour?

On the score of what is commonly called charity, *i.e.*, abstract benevolence, general or individual, there is, perhaps, as little cause now to raise this inquiry as there ever *can* be in an over-populated land, where all classes are pressing so eagerly forward in the service of Mammon, and where the fierce struggle for getting and holding is so unremitting. For hand-in-hand, albeit strangely coupled, with this greed and worldliness munificence, public and private, is the order of the day, and the bright examples set in that respect by the Dwellers in High places are emulated through many grades downwards. But apart from the crumbs—nay, loaves—that fall from the masters' tables, what part in this advanced age of civilisation does Neighbour habitually act in word and deed by Neighbour?

Surely this is worth a little reflection, and is even on the verge of becoming a burning topic, for to some of us it seems as if the time were drawing nigh when neighbour might receive at the hands of neighbour almost mortal injury, in the thrusting aside of conventional restraints, the sweeping away of all reticence, and the absolute annihilation of decent privacy. The scathing

glare of the electric light (which, unlike the vivifying sunbeam, knows neither kindly warmth nor softening shadow) appears to be on the eve of threatening to illuminate our home confidences as well as walls, while the many-tongued telephone has almost claimed to be fastened on our bosoms ; and for what purpose of philanthropy, what aim of universal good, are our natural veils of delicacy, refinement, affection, and all that constitutes the charm and safeguard of domestic happiness to be thus ruthlessly torn asunder ?

The purpose is the concoction of what I believe to be technically called " copy " ; the object is, first the excitation, then the lucrative gratification, of a vitiated public palate, such as in one of the distant recollections of my childhood induced numbers (*not* exclusively of the lower orders or the stronger sex) to sit up all night in order to keep possession of front places for witnessing the death throes of the criminal Courvoisier. To assist us in fully realising this truth, let us try for a moment—in no spirit of irreverence, but rather in that of thoughtful anxiety—to reconstruct for ourselves, as of this nineteenth century, the scene wherein the man who fell among thieves on his journey lay wounded and prone upon the road. The Priest reserving his good offices for the sheep of his own flock, the Ritualistic Levite shunning imaginary contamination, and the tender-hearted Samaritan have no need of elimination from that scene as out of date ; but would these be *all* to figure therein ? Scarcely, I think ; a reinforcement, neither last nor least, would be inevitable ; and whatever course were pursued by the first two personages, there would assuredly be no passing by on the other side on the part of that Ubiquitous Genius of our age—the Reporter ! As the gentle hands of the Samaritan poured healing balm into the sores of the sufferer, so would Our Own Correspondent flood them in his pages with printing ink, and while the legitimate charges of the Host of the Inn would be freely supplemented by fees for every scrap of information, personal and private, relevant or irrelevant, but susceptible of being forthwith worked up into a series of "telling articles," the ends of justice would be, as usual, frustrated by an amplitude of detail laying bare (with probably the only accuracy exhibited) all clues obtained of, and all measures adopted for, tracing the culprits, winding up with

the truly surprising announcement that "the police have as yet made no arrests."

But he who falls by the wayside and is rescued incurs, no doubt, a certain amount of public liability, even with those who flock round to make profit out of instead of helping him. Let us see how others fare as Neighbours, and examine if any of us may hope for exemption from the aggression of inquisitorial and magnifying spyglasses, ever held in readiness to be focussed, as occasion may serve, upon our innermost chambers, in eager expectation of lighting upon some hitherto undetected material for what a high-class periodical has justly characterised as "one of those pestilent paragraphs which disgrace journalism nowadays." To find instances in point it is not essential to restrict ourselves to any one class, for although the "upper ten" are obviously most in request for profitable "copy," the Man in the Street (and still more the Woman, if she afford pretext for assailing the upright decision and attacking the unblemished character of a magistrate!) is not unfrequently worth laying hold of, and may by judicious manipulation occasionally be made to bring as much grist to the mill as even a venomous side-attack upon Royalty. The Neighbour, in short, is seized upon anywhere and anyhow, for his commercial value in print (such value being regulated by extraneous circumstances, real or fictitious), and the old insular prejudice of keeping him at arm's length has long been crushed out by the iron grasp of Shorthand!

In the medley, take for one the case of a venerable lady, leading the stillest of existences and calculated to provoke neither criticism nor observation even by marked infirmities of health, which, happily do not oppress her; but items of gossip are low in stock in the (literally) dead time of year, and this is a Peeress, closely connected with ducal and other families, and less directly so with a world-renowned victory; let her death, then, be circumstantially announced at her country place in Ireland, irrespective of the trivial fact that she is living in her house in town, and regardless of the possible shock to herself, as well as certain pain to distant relations and friends. The contradiction which, with equal discursiveness, will follow, will set all straight for the public; and as for those foolish believers who have allowed themselves to be startled

or shocked, let them bear the penalty of their credulity, for redress there is none. This instance is, as plenty of memories will doubtless bear witness, neither an imaginary nor a solitary one, for in the dull months of the past winter and spring four deaths were successively announced and retracted in as many newspaper paragraphs.

To young and unreflecting minds, however, this grievance may appear slighter than it really is, and I am indeed far from asserting that to be slaughtered on paper for the amusement of a British Public is equivalent to the ancient ordeal of expiring "butchered to make a Roman Holiday," though it may be remarked, by the way, that the sacrificed gladiators at least knew themselves as "those who were going to die," while *we* are liable to be at any time, so to speak, slain unawares. But to pass on to a graver matter: did not every right-thinking mind burn with indignation at the recent outrage perpetrated upon a quiet and highly estimable family, when a deplorably tragic incident in their circle (eventually proved on medical evidence to be accidental) was, before official investigation had been possible, pounced upon and branded to the world as Self-Crime? The plea, moreover, which we heard put forth in extenuation of this atrocity, viz., that this was the view primarily adopted "below stairs," is not of a nature to turn away our wrath, and leads us directly to another vital point of this palpitating subject, namely, the demoralisation surreptitiously but assiduously wrought among the lower members of our households by this unceasing system of espionage. Their furtive discoveries and indiscreet revelations are to them unfailing sources of emolument; is it, then, to be wondered at that their attention should be constantly strained, and their eyes and ears set diligently open, to glean all they may come by, licitly or illicitly? Stray letters on the escritoire, imperfectly destroyed fragments in the waste-paper basket, passing remarks accidentally caught up, and more especially the stories and pleasantries current at dinner, are all means to this desired end, and sharply do some of them resent being debarred from any of these ever-running springs with golden (or certainly silvern) sands. A head servant has indeed been known to give notice to leave an otherwise comfortable situation on the ground of the exclusion of himself and his fellow workers—as far as the exigencies of service permitted—

from the dining-room during the family repasts. Alas! with the enemy in wait at the house door, and the band of traitors within it, what may lie in the future of the once unalterably "Sweet Home"?

It seems almost bathos to infuse into this vein of serious remonstrance a murmur of complaint of the more overt importunities of the fashionable reporter at our seasons of hospitable entertainment, say, as of a marriage feast, but those only who have experienced it can fully enter into the annoyance of his persecution, for it is nothing else, at such a crisis. As a matter not of favour, but of right, he positively haunts the house for many days before the momentous one, demanding with a pertinacity which, if I may be allowed to say so, stamps itself as one of the works of the (printing) Devil, to be copiously supplied with every particular concerning the Bride and her raiments of needlework, the Virgins that shall bear her company, the friends who will be there, like the Daughters of Tyre, with a gift, and all that can foster as much vanity and vulgarity among his customers as it causes vexation of spirit to his victims, to whom, as to many others, it may have already occurred that, among the numerous emendations of Shakespearean text so freely propounded, the most appropriate *fin de siècle* one would run in Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be, or not to be, *in print, that* is the question."

These are samples of a few of the molestations and ills growing upon us apace, but their name is legion, the worst among them not being altogether susceptible of much detail in this protest against their toleration in civilised life; and although some have at different times culminated in personal castigation or legal conviction of the offender, yet, even admitting that the glow of satisfied vengeance after thrashing a low defamer is calculated to subdue the throbbing stings of personal calumny, this drastic measure of relief is obviously of limited application, being equally based upon the vigour of the biceps and the strength of the case. Nor can it for a moment be assumed that the most triumphant issue of an action for libel really effaces, or in any but the coarser order of minds atones for, all anxieties, worries, and countless hurts (from pin pricks to sword thrusts) that may in connection therewith for an indefinite time have preceded it.

Then, as for the long, long lists of comparatively minor but equally unauthorised and unwarrantable intrusions into our private affairs; the publication of false or distorted versions of marriages arranged or abandoned, conjugal differences if not shipwrecks, financial complications, betting, racing, and literary or other quarrels, contemplated journeys, arrivals, departures, and transactions, all seasoned with impertinent conjecture and spiced with insolent malice, with which the so-called Society Papers teem—who shall ever approximately gauge the amount of heartburnings and wounded feelings aroused, the unholy excitements fermented, together with the (often irreparable) mischief created, when unlicensed tongues have prompted the pens of unscrupulous ready writers?

If, too, it be indeed true that sundry members of society itself lie justly under the imputation of basely using their opportunities of social intercourse to garner by stealth fresh fuel for these foul flames, that disgraceful fact adds force to the denunciation thereof, by proving that moral, like physical, corruption is alarmingly contagious.

To measure the extent of our progress in this downward course since the not very remote days of Sheridan, it is only needful to run the eye once more, as one never wearies of doing, over the sparkling pages of the inimitable *School for Scandal*, and note the contrast between the effervescing spite of Lady Teazle's toilet-table conversations and the dull enormities of matter, unredeemed by graces of style and polish of manner, which overflow every bookstall, besides being sometimes, it is painful to remember, allowed to dishonour a five o'clock tea-board. Is it possible, then, in dwelling upon this unchecked descent, to repress a sigh for one curl more of that silken lash which Sheridan only could so lightly and powerfully wield?

The origin, however, of everything, whether Species or Evil, is instructive if not always agreeable to trace, and looking back to rather earlier times, as with the (I had almost said *mountains* of) auto- and other biographies now heaped upon us it is not difficult to do, one or two chief causes of a state of things so much to be deprecated strike one as probable, the principal being, perhaps,

that almost universal spirit of self-assertion which bids fair shortly to oust its compeer of self-preservation from the latter's long-established position as the first law of nature. Inspired by this, and exclusively engrossed by their struggles, the rival competitors for admission into the formerly serried ranks of fashion—who fondly imagined themselves to have mapped out a royal road thereto in organising the paid advertisements of now their movements, then their dinners, and anon their gala attire—were unconscious or careless of the calamitous results they were, nevertheless, so surely preparing; for the paragraph writer, be it observed, once imported into the social system, becomes forthwith as ineradicable and prolific therein as the American weed in our pieces of ornamental water, and, like that noxious plant, makes good his footing below, before diffusing himself over the surface.

Further expansion of this theme, which might lead us far afield, does not lie within the scope of these few pages, the aim of which, it seems almost superfluous to add, is in nowise to detract from the value of high-class journalism, or do less than justice to their correspondents, so many of whom, not less by their courage and fortitude when sharing abroad the hardships of our disciplined troops in times of war, than by their admirably, often brilliantly, written accounts of distant occurrences, have won honour and approbation at all hands, while to the researches and reports of others we are directly or indirectly indebted for innumerable and much-needed reforms of public bodies and institutions. But these, of all others, would fear (or scorn) to tread where the Busybody, the Whisperer, and the Backbiter rush in. They keep the line clearly defined between criticism and defamation, and from their vantage ground of public investigation and exposure do not descend into the miry depths of private inquisition and slanderous personality. Whether they ever can or will be stimulated to the further good work of using their power, which as a class is large, to beat back the vermin of their order is uncertain, and what remedy may some day be available for the excision of this malignant growth in our social constitution is not at present clear, since so many of the greatest authorities continue opposed to what, superficially speaking, appears the most hopeful chance of correction if not cure—the abolition of anonymous writing.

Still, a certain amount of self-protection does seem to lie even now within our reach.

If the heads of families who disapprove at heart the ignoble garbage-mongers of literature, from whose unprovoked attacks neither they nor their nearest and dearest enjoy immunity, would unite in firm resolve never to promote, for the sake of passing diversion, the sale of their unworthy productions, that would tend to diminish their number, for the supply of poison, like that of food, is regulated by the demand for it; and if they desire in earnest to keep their daughters' names unprofaned by the idle babble of the multitude, would it not be well to discourage the exhibition in shop windows of those daughters' lovely faces side by side with the equally lovely, but notorious, actresses of the day? Again, if English fathers and mothers would consider how the powers of mind in the young are lessened by habitual feeding on even innocuous trash, till the intellectual digestion can no longer assimilate stronger and wholesomer nourishment; if, above all, they would exert themselves to modify and regulate the tone of conversation at the family dinner-table, what infinite good might, and *must*, gradually ensue from these steps in a right direction, for which it is time, ay, more than time! Meanwhile, for those too advanced in years to look for much change during their remaining span, while grieving over all the deterioration they cannot ignore, there is sad but true consolation in feeling how much of their lives has run out ere this withering blight spread itself around, and how safely their most cherished memories are laid to rest in hallowed quiet. But when, ah! when, will it be written down in the Records of Man that he has at length learnt, not *by*, but *at*, Heart, the Second great Lesson of Life: to "love his Neighbour as Himself"?

E. C. CORK.

CONTINENTAL COMMENTS.

Paris.

THE Chamber of Deputies having wisely prohibited the members of the Budget Committee from belonging to the Customs Committee, I can speak freely respecting the latter. Whatever judgment I may pass it shall not be said of me, "Vous êtes orfèvre." Let me add, without in the least being ashamed of it, that if I had had the honour to be a member I should not always have voted with the majority, nay, I should more than once have given my feeble support to the minority. Please to observe that in describing these two fractions of the Committee, I do not make use of the usual terms, "Protectionist" and "Free Traders." Except M. Léon Say, I have not yet succeeded in discovering in our Customs Areopagus a single Free Trader really worthy of that distinguished but antediluvian name. All Protectionists! Ask anyone of the honourable members for Marseilles to suppress the duties on soap; you will have a nice reception.

As a general rule—M. Léon Say always excepted—people are real Free Traders only when the interests of others are concerned. The heaviest duties—some say the most exorbitant—which have been voted by the Committee were due to the report of a member for Paris who calls himself, and believes himself, a Free Trader. I mean M. Georges Berger. It is thus, moreover, that England acts. The grand words "Free Trade" shine out in letters of gold upon her standard, but under the pretext of chronic cattle disease she has for twenty years closed her market to our Norman cattle. Rather smart, this! The discussion in the Chamber upon the general tariff will occupy several weeks; if it occupied several months I should not complain. At the outset the essential thing

on both sides is to conduct the debate in a spirit of the utmost moderation. The more passionate it becomes the less will be the chance of arriving at a durable, useful, and solid result.

Passion is a bad counsellor in politics; it is a detestable counsellor in political economy. At the risk of being excommunicated at once by all the Schools and all the Churches, I recognise only one principle, one single principle, in Customs Duties—the national interests. It is just as culpable to sacrifice those general interests of the entire nation to an absolute principle as to a special interest. We ought to take into account the national interests alone, and make them clearly obvious; and it is for their triumph that we ought to work.

To introduce into the discussion of a Customs Tariff the famous saying, "Perish the colonies rather than a principle," is worse than a crime. And what is true of principles is *a priori* true of Jerusalem artichokes. Our first duty is to save the colonies. Moderation should prevail in substance and in form. Threats, insults, intimidation, have never done good to anyone. We may accept or reject the duties upon carriages, hosiery, or lard without, therefore, being scoundrels without scruple or patriotism. The effect of all exaggeration is, in the first place, and above all, to do wrong to the truth upon which it is based. As to what I may perhaps be allowed to call the language of civil war, such as words likely to arouse the anger of peasants against workmen, or consumers against producers, appeals calculated to lead to reprisals against the foreigner or to excite the rancour of electors, they cannot be too severely condemned, and I commend them beforehand to the stern severity of M. Floquet.

These truths, upon which it is our duty to meditate, we might ask some of our neighbours to meditate upon also. It is perfectly certain, for instance, that, in finally drawing up the Customs Tariff, Parliament will have to take scrupulously into account our commercial and political relations with foreign countries, and the wrong that we should do ourselves if we took it into our heads to blow up all our bridges, and to surround ourselves with an impassable palisade.

An old proverb says, "There are other persons also behind the mountain," and in their turn they can establish tariffs which might impede us. But it is not by seeking to intimidate us that we shall be made to reflect, or that the most hot-headed among us will be made reasonable. They will simply be rendered rather more hot-headed than before. Excited as they may be, they are not more ignorant than others, and, therefore, all the fine stories of Customs Unions which complacent telegrams have related to us for some few weeks can only have an exactly opposite effect to that intended.

When we learn from Vienna, from Berlin, from London, that an agreement has been arrived at among the Powers against France, that the Austro-German Treaty has been signed, that Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy have given in their adhesion to it, who is taken in by all this? The Austro-German Treaty! Why, for years it has always been upon the point of being signed; and, moreover, if it were signed, and if it included Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy, Article XI. of the Treaty of Frankfort would none the less remain in force, and it accords to us the treatment of the most favoured nation. Every concession made by Germany to Switzerland, to Austria, or to Belgium would, *ipso facto*, benefit France, and all these treaties with which we are threatened would, consequently, at least in this respect, be simply agreeable to us. As to the other Powers, those irritated States which would raise their tariffs in order thereby to stop our exports—well, we know all about their commercial statistics; we have read them again and again, and this study has sufficiently enlightened us. Austria-Hungary? It buys scarcely anything of us: 22,500,000fr. in 1889, and sells us a good deal—125,500,000fr. during the same year; net profit in its favour, 102,000,000fr. Do you really think Austria-Hungary would be willing to deprive itself of 102,000,000fr. to please the "King of Prussia" and the doctrinaires of absolute Free Trade?

If from Austria you pass to Roumania, Belgium, Italy, or Switzerland, you will everywhere find a similar state of things which the semi-official journal of M. di Rudini has so well described in

these words : " Our Government is favourable to Treaties of Commerce, but it does not believe in the possibility of forming Customs Unions, which would only lead to an opposite result to that intended, and thus render more bitter the disputes between the States of the Union and those which would remain outside of it."

Let us, therefore, talk reason, and discuss as much as you like. We are ready to study these complex problems with the utmost care ; we have the most ardent desire to retain for France as much sympathy as possible ; everything that we can concede we will concede to our neighbours and, above all, to our friends, without prejudice to our national industries, without acting as dupes, which is always foolish because it does not even secure the gratitude of the other side ; but if you wish us to be reasonable, don't try to frighten us.

In a word, we are quite ready for a revision in obedience to experience and equity, but not in obedience to intimidation. Evidently the *Internationalzollverein* is a terrible word.

" On croit en l'entendant qu'on sonne de la trompe."

But we are too old to believe in hobgoblins. To play with spectres is a very amusing game which often pleases the gallery, but it would be more useful to search together for the truth. Here, again, if I am well informed, it is by steering a middle course that we shall have the best chance of arriving safely in harbour.

JOSEPH REINACH.

Berlin.

THE temptation to explain a few characteristics of an episode perhaps the most peculiar and sensational of modern days, I mean the political contention still raging between his Majesty William II. and Prince Bismarck, is too strong for me. I succumb " manfully."

Years ago, when Bismarck loved to inform his more intimate guests that, again submitting to Royal importunities, he had resolved to continue in power, a stalwart and outspoken companion of his younger days exclaimed : " Then had you not better have done

with these constant frictions at Court? Withdraw from office. Enter Parliament. Your position there is made and your power is simply unlimited." This reply, which was reported to me at the time, is worth recording just now, when the reactionary, protectionist, and clerical battalions within the Reichstag are deprived, by the death of Windthorst, of their last commanding personality, when, in fact, all that is retrogressive, all that is driven by self-interest throughout the length and breadth of the country cries out for a leader and finds none. Looking good-naturedly at his guileless old chum, Bismarck said: "Ah, you think so, do you? Well, let me tell you that you are entirely mistaken, and that, *in Prussia, no man is anything save what his office makes him.*" I consider that no more truthful saying, none more instructive, ever fell from his mouth. Those few masterly words contain one-half of the whole bitter truth as in a nutshell; the other half being that the nobodies, the prophets whom everybody respects and everybody scorns (*geächtet und geachtet*), and who are not wanting in Germany, have their day only when safe in their graves.

It is evident that Prince Bismarck's views have undergone a change on the question of his entering Parliament. There were hints given of what he would do or not do if returned to the Reichstag, and, latterly, he allowed his candidature to be set up at Geestemünde. To outsiders it must be surprising that no seat was offered him during the whole first year of his seclusion from office, and that he should now obtain but a scant majority over an obscure Jack Cade. Those who have carefully observed political life in Germany will not wonder for a moment. If Prince Bismarck were credited with qualities indispensable to a Parliamentary leader, such as patience, plausibility, a power to grasp other people's opinions, or a modicum of steadfastness in alliance, he would be hailed as the Heaven-sent by whole classes of people. Taking his character as evolved through his wonderful political career, however welcome, for example, an onslaught by him on the forthcoming Austro-German Treaty of Commerce might be to the landlord class anxious to retain an insanely high duty on cereals, they know him too well to entrust

him with their leadership. He will live, therefore, to exemplify in his own person the truth of the above apophthegm. To address public meetings as an English statesman would do, or to write letters with his signature to some periodical of world-wide repute, Bismarck would not hear of. He prefers distilling his sullen wrath in articles by third-rate scribblers in France, Russia, and Germany, which do an infinite amount of harm. For they damp the spirits of a weak-minded public, and they encourage utterly illusory hopes among the country's enemies abroad.

Now, what ground has he for this wrath? In other words, what drove him from office? Was it an autocrat's whim? Was it a Court cabal? No supposition can be farther from the truth than this. I am inclined to assert that Bismarck would have fallen from his high position in any country under the sun, whoever was the wearer of the Crown, or whatever the form of government, simply because his hand had lost its cunning. No Sovereign, nor any Republic, would fail to dismiss a Minister whose administration, after great successes, had leaped from failure to failure as his had done latterly. Let me enumerate a few, almost at random. Who has forgotten his unwarrantable attacks upon the personal honour of one of England's most distinguished diplomatists? The latter was accused by the Chancellor's myrmidons of having, in the month of August, 1870, communicated to the English Court some information regarding movements of the German army which, being (of course!) straightway telegraphed to Paris, had reached Marshal Bazaine in time to thwart Moltke's intentions on the memorable sixteenth of that month. Now, every word of this indictment was untrue. The intentions of our general staff were not thwarted; the English Court at no time betrayed a secret; Sir Robert Morier never reported home on matters he knew nothing about. The British Ambassador, in a letter from St. Petersburg, gave the lie to each assertion, sounding a note of indignation which has lost none of its vigour to the present day. Failure number one.

It seemed at that time, in 1888, as if a mild Conservative gentleman of Hamburg, an ex-Professor of Public Law, Dr. Geffken, would more easily fall a victim to persecution. He had undoubtedly committed an act of indiscretion when he printed, without first

obtaining leave from the widow and the heir of the late Emperor Frederick, some extracts, made with his own hand, from the Prince's private journal. Yet the action for high treason, set on foot by uncontrollable rage, was found, on examination by the Court of Supreme Judicature, acting as Grand Jury, to be so utterly without foundation in law or common-sense that the doors of Geffken's gaol had to be instantly thrown open for him. Nor did deliverance come a moment too soon; for his health, at all times delicate, had been completely shattered by confinement in the prisoner's cell. In both cases, that of Dr. Geffken and of Sir R. Morier, the same wild passion had animated the Chancellor, not so much against them as against their patron, the dead Prince, who had dared to claim for himself a large share in the honour of resuscitating the German Empire. Had Bismarck remained calm, had he allowed the public some time for thought and deliberation, he would have found that every impartial judge in the country was ready to acquit him of want of insight or of courage when he restrained the Crown Prince's noble ardour. But, blinded by inordinate fury, he penned the unlucky *Immediatbericht* to his new master, in which the former Crown Prince's account was met with counter-statements of the most insulting nature. Fortunately, this paper was given to the public. It is not too much to say that, by laborious sifting of official evidence, the Emperor Frederick's character for truthfulness was in every single instance vindicated within a few weeks, and his reputation as a far-seeing statesman re-established, to the serious and lasting discredit of his aggressor.

Now let me pause for a moment to remind my readers that these three cases, with several concomitant ones, all of them damaging to the Chancellor's reputation, occurred two years before his fall. Is it not *more* wonderful, then, that he retained supreme power so many months after 1888 than that he succumbed, after a two years' struggle, to the grim reality of a changed situation? Success had ceased to follow his footsteps. Name the "Caroline Islands," and you will be told of a necessary retreat before infuriated Spain. Name "Samoa," and a whole series of blunders will pass before your

mind, which, for awhile, actually brought war within the circle of possibilities. Name "Switzerland," and as ugly a piece of bullying as was ever laid to Metternich's charge rises to memory, which William II. lost no time in remedying when his imperious servant was gone. What egregious folly to interfere with travellers into Alsace from the West in this age of intercommunication, by which act every moneyed interest among Bismarck's new fellow-subjects was wounded and growing satisfaction turned into bitter hatred, and (since all other roads into Alsace remain open) no dangerous individual, if such there be, was kept out! The world outside Germany has remained, strange to say, ignorant of the expulsion across the Russian frontier of tens of thousands of inhabitants because, forsooth, they were not naturalised Prussian citizens. This measure, which was entrusted by Bismarck to the willing hands of his Home Secretary, Herr von Puttkamer, was one of those administrative acts which the Alien Laws of every country permit, but which no country resorts to. No authorisation by Parliament was asked for, no account of numbers given, no excuse offered for, probably, the greatest ejection since the Moors were driven from Spain or the Jews from Palestine. As I draw up no indictment for cruelty, but am only mentioning failures, it is sufficient to add that, on the urgent representation of agricultural societies in our border districts, every facility is at this moment being given to Poles and others who cross our frontier to help in farm work, thus setting the natural law of supply and demand once more in operation. Not satisfied with expelling aliens, Bismarck obtained five millions sterling in order to "Germanise Posen" by the purchase of Polish estates and by subdividing them for the benefit of an immigrant peasant proprietary. Albeit this measure was placed in the very best administrative hands—those of Count Zedlitz, the same who was called a few weeks ago into the Emperor's Cabinet as Prussian Minister of Instruction—it can already be pronounced an utter failure. Immigrants arrive in very small numbers. The Polish irreconcilables have a larger command of cash, and cluster together more closely, than heretofore. I beg to submit that no British Minister ever succumbed to a greater array of miserable failures.

The space at my disposal will not allow me to dwell upon the most serious of all the miscarriages of Bismarckian policy. I must content myself with pointing out that his Special Law against the Socialists has swelled the numbers, if not of Socialists, yet of *prolétaires* voting for their candidates, in such proportions as to bring thirty-five of the latter into the present Reichstag, and that a million and a half Socialist votes were recorded on February 20th, 1890. When I add to this that the same general elections brought to light a decided diminution of strength in what one had learnt to call *le parti Bismarck sans phrase*, it will no longer remain matter of surprise that the Sovereign separated himself at last from a public servant who, without abandoning his pretensions to lasting power, was—unsuccessful. His successes, dating many years back, entitle him to the nation's never-dying gratitude, not to preferment to power for life. It was high time that he should go.

GEORGE VON BUNSEN.

Rome.

THE correspondents of the English newspapers must have greatly confused the minds of their readers about our Budgets. It was no fault of theirs. Perhaps it was our fault. There is no Parliament in the world where Budgets are more talked about than ours ; but also there is none in which talk leads to so little. We have two Budgets to discuss every year—the one is called the Provisional Budget, the other the Final Budget. Our financial year extends from the first day of the July of one year to the last day of the June of the following year. Every November there ought to be presented to the House the Provisional Budget of the year beginning on the next July 1st, and the current Budget of the year, which finishes on the following June 30th. Now, the Budget submitted in Signor Luzzatti's statement of March 2nd was the Provisional Budget from July 1st, 1891, to June 30th, 1892. He estimated in it a deficit of £1,840,000, to be met somehow by economies. The Final Budget of the present year has been discussed and approved by the House, and the discussion ended with

the great vote of confidence in the new Ministry on March 21st. Now, this Final Budget of the present year shows the following figures :—

	£
Income	63,540,056
Expenditure	66,055,190
Deficit	£2,515,134

How far the Final Budget differs from the Provisional Budget you will see at once when I tell you that the latter, which is now settled, showed a deficit of only £875,405. The principal reason of the increase of the deficit has been a very great fall in the receipts of many of our indirect taxes, chiefly of the customs, during the year. But we may hope, now, that we are at the end of this disagreeable and significant economical depression. The monthly accounts begin to be more favourable. So the deficit of the year may stand as it is put in this last statement. But in order to estimate it fully you must remember that we construct our railways on credit, and this year we expend on them £4,741,942, that is, we augment our funded debt by the interest of this sum. Now this sum is not included in the deficit, and if one looked at our Budget he might suppose that our railways would not cause any augmentation of the deficiency, which is not the fact.

The newspapers have, of course, been full of the lynching incident at New Orleans. The recent note of the United States Government very clearly shows that it has not been pleased with the departure of the Italian Minister, Baron Fava, from Washington, and will not proceed very quickly in redressing the wrong which has been done; it is even doubtful, if one reads the note well, whether any redress at all will be ultimately given. I will not discuss the question here. You know that the Italian Foreign Minister had asked two things: an indemnity to the families of the killed, and the trial and punishment of the lynchers. The President of the United States, through Mr. Blaine, agreed generally to the first request, but, to the second, answered that it was not in his power to punish them. The matter rested with the courts. Then the Italian Government modified its claim slightly, as far as words go, but

essentially in substance; it would be enough for it if the culprits were prosecuted. Now it is not easy to explain why and how Baron Fava was directed by his chief to depart from Washington before getting any answer to the request so modified. I am not such a learned diplomate as to understand what is the true meaning of his departure *in congedo motivato*, as we put it, from the seat of the Government to which he is accredited, especially when he leaves behind him his Secretary of Legation for the ordinary work. It appears to me that this can only mean that the Government, of which this Minister is the representative, does not think that for the moment it is convenient or desirable or useful to discuss any political matter. Is it possible to believe that the Italian Ministry is so minded? I don't think so. I think that the recall of Baron Fava has been rash, and will not aid in solving a question which appeared to be, in the beginning, very simple, but which is very much complicated by Constitutional difficulties and the interests and plans of the political parties of a powerful and haughty commonwealth.

The other question which will embarrass the Ministry and the House is the African one. There are really two questions. The one is: What we are doing in Africa? The other: What are our relations with the king of kings, Menelek?

We thought that the two questions were settled, but they are not. In regard to the first, we have discovered that the Italian administration of the African colony was very far from being what it ought to have been. The daily newspapers have already made known to you the frightful crimes of which, as it is alleged, indigenous and Italian police officers have been guilty. Some of our generals, who have commanded at Massowah, are by the newspapers more or less openly suspected of having acted as badly to free themselves from treacherous chiefs and bands. The charges against the police officers may be true, but the charges against the military officers are surely false. Be it as it may, the first are on trial before a military tribunal already constituted, because there is not yet any civil jurisdiction at Massowah; but the trial will be delayed by the absence of the principal prisoner, a gendarmerie